JULY 25, 1955

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

FOLLOWING our FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR through its surprising geographical and piscatorial range each week, I became curious about its editor, Ed Zern, and how he puts it together.

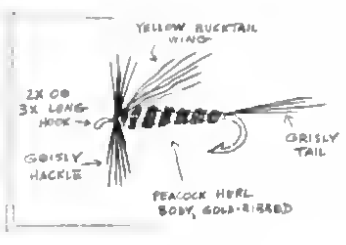
When I talked with Zern, he pointed out that there are still more fish to report on in this country than fishermen (30,000,000) and their ways more inscrutable, although he sometimes doubts it. This was by way of saying that the first problem with the FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR was to find 50 fish reporters whose reports could be believed. By tradition almost any fish report is suspect because a dedicated angler has usually learned to keep it quiet when he finds where the fish are biting. But SI's 50 fish reporters — including some of the country's keenest fishermen — from Mexico to Nova Scotia and Washington to the West Indies — upset this tradition when they file their weekly reports with Zern on conditions in their areas.

Each Sunday night, reports at hand and a telephone by his side for checking the kind of discrepancies which the meeting of fish and mortals has always seemed to encourage, Zern tackles the final editing of the calendar which our readers receive the following Thursday.

Zern, with the bulk of the nation's fish more or less treading water round his typewriter, always has more information — or fish — than space will permit him to use. But in general the calendar includes the localities most actively fished, where the fish that week are most cooperative. It all adds up to a fish story on a national scale that is, judging from the letters SI receives, remarkable for its reliability.

A vice president of the Geyer Advertising Agency, Ed Zern also finds time for painting, illustrating and greenhouse gardening — when he isn't fishing (his favorite: salmon in New Brunswick) — or writing about fishing.

His latest book, *Are Fishermen People?*, has just been published by Harper. His first, *To Hell With Fishing*, sold more copies than any other book on the subject since Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler*. All of them share the wry bewilderment of a veteran fisherman faced by the question why, if men are smarter than fish, it should be so hard to catch fish. Whatever the answer, Zern says, "One of the charms of fishing is that nobody knows too much about it."



Ed Zern is also a tireless tier of flies. Here is his latest, the SI Fly. I thought you might be interested in his preliminary sketch, which he passed on to me.

Harry Phillips

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Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director William W. Holman

Subscription Rates: 1 yr. $7.50, U. S., Canada and active military personnel anywhere in the world; all other subscriptions, 1 yr., $10.
Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and advertising contents to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
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32 **AUSTRALIA TOES THE MARK**
After listening to some Fair Dinkum talk Down Under, COLES PHINIZY *returns home to tell what the Aussies are doing about the XVIth Olympiad*

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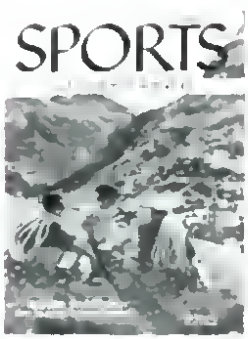
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62 **Yesterday:** Half a century before bubble gum, cigarette cards recorded the baseball stars' eternal battle with the ball



COVER: THE MATTERHORN

Photograph by Toni Frissell

Its famous wedge-shaped peak cloaked in clouds, the Matterhorn towers over the Swiss town of Zermatt, constantly beckoning the townspeople and their guests to climb it. To prepare for her ascent, Marylee Davey (*center*) of Wakefield, Rhode Island, spent a week with Emil and Max Julen, guiding brothers whose mother was the first woman in Zermatt to climb the Matterhorn. For more about the Matterhorn, see page 32.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: TED WILLIAMS

Baseball's great star talks with Joan Flynn Dreyspool about his boyhood, his rise to fame, his future hopes

GEORGE MAY OF TAM O'SHANTER

Some call him golf's greatest mentor, some its greatest benefactor. Jack Mabley presents his story

AUSTRIA'S FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

Paul Deutschman takes you through the mysterious emanations of Bad Gastein, famous European spa

PLUS: SEVEN PAGES OF COLOR ON AMBROSE CLARK'S STABLES AND PHILIP WYLIE ON FISH WATCHING

SCOREBOARD — A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **David Lee Hayes**, wholesale grocery dealer and novice fisherman from Leitchfield, Ky., using pearl Bomber lure, battled husky smallmouth bass for more than 30 minutes, finally boated 11-pound 15-ounce bronzeback beauty to better world record by one pound seven ounces at Dale Hollow Reservoir on Kentucky-Tennessee border. ● **Pentti Karvonen**, Finnish long-distance runner, pounded his way over tough 3,000-meter steeplechase course in 8:45.4, lowered recognized world standard of 8:49.6 for second time in two weeks, at Oslo. His previous effort: 8:47.8. ● **Atie Voorbij**, latest 14-year-old Dutch swim star, splashed 100-meter butterfly in 1:13.7, beat teammate Mary Kok's world mark at Naarden, Holland. ● **Dutch** women's team swam 400-meter medley relay in 5:01 for new world record at Paris. ● **Adios Harry**, fast-stepping 4-year-old stallion driven by **Luther Lyons**, ripped off mile in 1:55 to win first heat, cracked own competitive world pacing standard set week earlier, went on to take second heat in 1:57, won $26,000 American Pacing Derby at Vernon Downs, N.Y.

AUTO RACING

Stirling Moss, England's No. 1 driver, moved his Mercedes-Benz into lead on 26th lap, kept it there for rest of British Grand Prix at Aintree, flashed across finish line scant half-length ahead of Argentinian teammate and world champion Juan Manuel Fangio to become first Briton to win event since war. **Moss** covered triangle-shaped 270-mile course in 3:07:21.2, averaged 86.47 mph, graciously gave **Fangio** assist for his victory ("Fangio sportingly allowed me to realize my ambition"). **Roy Salvadori** in Aston-Martin DB3 averaged 81.32 mph, won sports car race, trailed by **Peter Collins**, **Reg Parnell** and **Peter Walker** in Aston-Martins, **Mike Hawthorn** in D-Jaguar; **Jim Russell** in Cooper-Norton averaged 78.19 mph, finished ahead of teammates **Stuart Lewis-Evans**, **A. J. F. Fergusson**, **Les Leston** and **Cliff Allison** in Formula 3. Other sports car winners: Class A (up to 1,500 cc), **Colin Chapman** in Lotus-MG; Class B (1,500 to 2,000 cc), **D. Hampshire** in Lister-Bristol; Class C (over 2,000 cc), **Salvadori** in Aston-Martin DB3 (*see page 44*).

BASEBALL

Chicago White Sox took over as American League's hottest team, made most of seven-game winning streak, slump by league-leading **New York Yankees** to move within 1½ games of first place. **White Sox** beat seventh-place Washington Senators 13-4, 5-2, 5-4, squeezed past Baltimore 4-3, 3-2, 5-4 with help of airtight pitching by **Billy Pierce** and **Dick Donovan**, who earned his 12th win.

Detroit Tigers also gained ground, split pair with Boston Red Sox, then leveled traveling Yankees three straight 6-3, 2-1, 6-5 as Rookie Outfielder **Al Kaline** won two games with timely hits, boosted average to healthy .368. Cleveland broke even in two one-run games with Yankees, took two out of three from Red Sox, stayed close on heels of White Sox.

Brooklyn Dodgers continued to set merry pace in National League as contenders beat each other. **Don Newcombe** had still another good day, hit sixth home run to tie National League record for pitchers, whipped St. Louis Cardinals 12-3 for 15th victory against one defeat. **Dodgers** edged Cincinnati 5-4 on two homers by slugging **Duke Snider**, brought up rookie pitchers **Roger Craig** and **Don Bessent** from minors in time to whip Redlegs 6-2, 8-5.

New York Giants moved up notch to third place with two wins over Chicago Cubs, then managed to hang on despite 8-7, 3-1 losses to second-place Milwaukee Braves (12½ games behind Dodgers) as Cubs howed to Philadelphia's limber-armed **Robin Roberts** 5-4, dropped 12-11 slugfest to **Phillies.**

St. Louis Cardinals' Stan Musial hit home run off Pitcher Frank (Boston Red Sox) Sullivan's first pitch in 12th inning, gave **National League** 6-5 win over American League in All-Star Game at Milwaukee. American League led 5-0, aided by **Mickey** (New York Yankees) **Mantle's** three-run homer in first, shutout pitching of **Billy** (Chicago White Sox) **Pierce** and **Early** (Cleveland Indians) **Wynn**, but **Nationals** got to Whitey (New York Yankees) Ford for two in seventh, three in eighth on rallies started by **Willie** (New York Giants) **Mays** to tie score, set stage for **Musial's** game-winning hit (*see page 46*).

TENNIS

Tony Trabert's big service failed to behave properly but husky Wimbledon champion turned on relentless power game to beat Bernard (Tut) Bartzen, master retriever from San Angelo, Tex., 10-8, 6-1, 6-4 for national clay court singles title, teamed with **Ham Richardson** of Baton Rouge, La. to win doubles crown at Atlanta. **Mrs. Dorothy Head Knode** of Alameda, Calif. relied on sharp forehand, steady backhand, easily turned back pretty 17-year-old Barbara Breit 6-4, 6-3, romped off with women's singles championship. **Bryan** (Bitsy) **Grant Jr.**, onetime national titleholder, was unofficial host in tennis center named for him, responded nobly with 6-0, 6-4 victory over Jack Staton in senior singles, also paired with Malin C. Courts to win senior doubles.

Australia's Ken Rosewall, Rex Hartwig and **Lew Hoad** swept past Mexico 5-0 with loss of only one set, qualified to meet **Brazil**, 4-1 winner over Cuba, in Davis Cup North American Zone semifinal at Louisville, Ky. July 22-24. **Sweden** edged Chile 3-2; **Italy** trounced England 5-0, earned berths in European Zone final.

U.S. Lawn Tennis Association dropped Pro **Jack Kramer**, author of recent magazine article in which he stated he was "paid amateur," as coach of junior Davis Cup team. His successor: **Don Budge**, red-haired power hitter who dominated world tennis in 1930s, later became professional.

GOLF

Cary Middlecoff, former Memphis dentist who now makes his living in tournament play, almost lost his advantage when he double bogied on 12*th hole of* last round, recovered magnificently to fire 68 for 265 total, won $6,000, new car in rich Miller Open at Milwaukee. Tied for second at 269: **Julius Boros**, **Mike Souchak**, **Ted Kroll**, one stroke ahead of **Jim Turnesa**, whose second-round 63 broke course record.

Beverly Hanson of Indio, Calif. won *medal* honors with 220 for 54 holes, used hot putting streak to down veteran Louise Suggs of Sea Island, Ga. 4 and 3 in match play, ran off with Ladies PGA title at Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Byron Nelson, genial Texas pro who has been in semiretirement since 1946 except for brief flings at tournament play, took time off from Paris vacation, shot startling 17-under-par 271 for 72 holes, took French Open by two strokes.

Sam Kocsis, quiet, sure-stroking 35-year-old Detroit industrial expediter, rallied to eliminate defending champion Gene Andrews in semifinal, whipped tobacco-chewing Lewis (Tommy) Bean, Summerville, Ga. auto salesman, 2 up, to win his first U.S. Public Links title at Indianapolis.

SAILING

Staghound, **Ira J. Fulmor's** sturdy Class C 39-*foot ketch* covered 2,225-mile run from San Pedro, Calif. to Honolulu in corrected time of 8 days, 21:07 55, nosed out E. S. Hooykaas' Class A schooner **Constellation** in Transpacific Yacht race. **Richard S. Rheem's Morning Star** was first to cross Diamond Head finish line in record-breaking elapsed time of 9 days, 15:05.10 but had to be satisfied with second place to **Constellation** in Class A.

Malay, **Don Strohmeier's** yawl out of Padanaran, Mass., survived sail-ripping brush with North Atlantic gale, sailed briskly into Halifax six hours behind **Arthur B. Homer's Salmagal II** but won 360-mile Manchester, Mass.-to-Halifax ocean race with corrected time of 65:11.25.

Windigo (SI's cover yacht, June 13), owned by Walter Gubelmann and carrying colors of New York's Corinthian Yacht Club, outsailed 107 other yachts to finish first in Class I in 350-mile Tour of Gotland, world's biggest sailing race, at Sandhamn, Sweden. Only other American winner: **Arabell** in Class IV.

BOXING

Ezzard Charles, 34-year-old former heavyweight champion, heavier, slower and obviously finished as contender, was knocked down by right in second round, recovered to unload enough body punches to take a 10-round split decision over puzzled **Paul Andrews** at Chicago. Next bout for **Charles**: Aug. 3 date with flailing **Tommy** (Hurricane) **Jackson** at Syracuse, N.Y.

Ralph Dupas, speedy young (19) New Orleans lightweight challenger, got himself pinned on ropes by rough Paddy (Billygoat)

DeMarco's bull-like rushes in early rounds, came from behind to scoce heavily with tricky combinations, beat bloody Brooklyn ex-champion in 10-rounder at New Orleans. DeMarco, who licked Dupas in January 1954, complained bitterly about "home-town" decision, offered to "fight this guy next week . . . anywhere."

HORSE RACING

Nashua, powerful, slick-striding **Belair Stud** 3-year-old bay colt, gave his backers worried time when he trailed by two lengths with half-mile to go but responded to Jockey **Eddie Arcaro's** flashing whip in time to overtake Impromptu and beat off fast-closing Traffic Judge, captured $148,500 Arlington Classic by half-length at Arlington Park, Ill., raised his career earnings to neat $782,565, prepared to relax at Saratoga.

Rejected, King Ranch's Kentucky-bred 5-year-old who had lost his last nine races, trailed pack in early going, stormed from behind with fine burst of speed under guiding hands of substitute jockey **Gordon Glisson** to push his nose in front of favored Alidon at finish, won $137,100 Hollywood Gold Cup in record-breaking 1:59 3/5 for mile and quarter at Hollywood Park, Calif.

Vimy, American-owned French colt, belied his 10-1 price in $77,840 King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, caught last-moving Acropolis in final 200 yards, held off latter's charge to gain photo-finish victory at Ascot, England.

Botticelli, Marchese Incisa Della Rochetta's handsome 4-year-old, sprinted past heavily favored Elpenor and outsider Blue Prince two furlongs from home, won by three lengths in Royal Ascot's $37,800 Gold Cup.

ROWING

Jack Kelly Jr., personable young Philadelphian, stroked 2,000 meters in 7:39, won his fourth straight U.S. singles sculling championship, helped his **Vesper Boat Club** pile up 149 points to take team title for third year in row in national competition at Philadelphia.

HARNESS RACING

Gene Mac, 7-year-old gelding driven by **Stanley Dancer**, moved into lead at half-way mark, hung on to give Owner **Pat Tuccio** (whose Katie Key won in 1953, 1954 but was fifth this year) his third straight winner in $35,000 Roosevelt Trot at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., N.Y.

MOTORBOATING

Britain's speed-minded **Don Campbell** hit 186 mph in his turbo-jet speedboat **Bluebird** in unofficial test run on placid Lake Ullswater, England, a speed faster than the listed world record (*see page 18*).

MILEPOSTS

DIED—**Jerry Hoyt**, 26, colorful, top-ranking auto racing driver, onetime soapbox derby competitor; of injuries received when car crashed into retaining wall during race at Oklahoma City. Teammate of Indianapolis 500 Winner Bob Sweikert, **Hoyt** led AAA Midwest big car point standings when he died.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending July 17)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. New York	Cleveland	Detroit	
W-1, L-4	4-5, **4-3**	3-6, 1-2	
Seas. 56-33		5-6	
Pct. .629			
2. Chicago	Washington	Baltimore	
W-6, L-0	**13-4, 5-2**	**4-3, 2-2**	
Seas. 53-33	**5-4**	**5-4**	
Pct. .616			
2. Cleveland	New York	Boston	
W-3, L-2	5-4, 3-4	**4-1, 0-8**	
Seas. 53-36		**6-5**	
Pct. .596			
4. Boston	Detroit	Cleveland	
W-2, L-3	0-6, **7-3**	1-4, **6-0**	
Seas. 50-39		5-6	
Pct. .562			
5. Detroit	Boston	New York	
W-4, L-1	**6-0**, 3-7	**6-2, 2-1**	
Seas. 45-41		**6-5**	
Pct. .523			
6. Kansas City	Baltimore	Washington	
W-0, L-5	7-10, 4-6	7-8, 0-4	
Seas. 36-51	5-8		
Pct. .414			
7. Washington	Chicago	Kansas City	
W-2, L-3	4-13, 2-5	**8-7, 4-0**	
Seas. 29-57	4-5		
Pct. .337			
8. Baltimore	Kansas City	Chicago	
W-3, L-3	**10-7, 6-4**	5-4, 2-3	
Seas. 26-58	**6-5**	4-5	
Pct. .310			

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Batting—Al Kaline, Detroit, .368
Runs batted in—Jackie Jensen, Boston, 73
Home runs—Mickey Mantle, New York, 21
Pitching—Dick Donovan, Chicago, 12-2

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Brooklyn	St. Louis	Cincinnati	
W-4, L-1	1-6, **12-3**	**5-4, 6-2**	
Seas. 62-27		**8-5**	
Pct. .697			
2. Milwaukee	Philadelphia	New York	
W-3, L-2	**7-1**, 0-1	7-8, **8-7**	
Seas. 49-39		**3-1**	
Pct. .557			
3. New York	Chicago	Milwaukee	
W-3, L-2	**3-2, 5-2**	**8-7**, 7-8	
Seas. 45-43		1-3	
Pct. .511			
4. Chicago	New York	Philadelphia	
W-0, L-4	2-3, 3-5	4-5, 11-12	
Seas. 45-44			
Pct. .506			
5. St. Louis	Brooklyn	Pittsburgh	
W-2, L-2	**6-1**, 3-12	1-5, **9-8**	
Seas. 40-44			
Pct. .476			
6. Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Brooklyn	
W-2, L-3	**19-1, 9-1**	4-5, 2-6	
Seas. 39-46		**5-8**	
Pct. .459			
7. Philadelphia	Milwaukee	Chicago	
W-3, L-1	1-7, **1-0**	**5-4, 12-11**	
Seas. 40-48			
Pct. .455			
8. Pittsburgh	Cincinnati	St. Louis	
W-1, L-3	1-19, 1-9	**5-1**, 8-9	
Seas. 31-60			
Pct. .341			

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Batting—Roy Campanella, Brooklyn, .346
Runs batted in—Duke Snider, Brooklyn, 92
Home runs—Duke Snider, Brooklyn, 21
Pitching—Don Newcombe, Brooklyn, 15-1

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

TIM FLOCK, Atlanta, NASCAR 200-lap race, in 1:43:17, in 1955 Chrysler, Morristown, N.J.
NORM NELSON, Racine, Wis., AAA 150-m. stock car race in 1:58:28.88, with 76.2-mph avg. speed (new record), in 1955 Chrysler, Milwaukee.
AL HERMAN, Allentown, Pa., AAA Mike Nazaruk Memorial 50-m. race in 46:54.39, Reading, Pa.

BOXING

ALANOREWS, 6-round TKO over Irish Don Jones, middleweights, Superior, Wis.
STAN HARRINGTON, 10-round decision over Ernie Greur, welterweights, Honolulu.
KENNY LANE, 10-round decision over Jimmy Ford, lightweights, Miami Beach.
JOEY LOPES, 6-round TKO over Davey Gallardo, lightweights, Sacramento, Calif.
WILLIE PEP, 10-round decision over Hector Rodriguez, featherweights, Bridgeport, Conn.

FISHING

SOUTH JERSEY ANGLERS ASSN., Atlantic City, Marlin tournament, with 113.6 pts., Atlantic City, N.J.

GOLF

BOBBY RANKIN, Zanesville, O., over Jack Zimmerman, 1-up, Ohio Amateur, Zanesville.
GLEN JOHNSON, Grosse Ile, Mich., over John Kunsch, 3 & 2, Michigan Amateur, Jackson, Mich.

HARNESS RACING

SCOTT EROST, $15,000 Old Country Trot, 1 m., by 1½ lengths, in 2:03.4/5, Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., N.Y., Joe O'Brien, driver.
QUICK CHIEF, $15,000 Adams Pace, 1 m., by head, in 2:01.4/5, Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., N.Y., Billy Naughton, driver.

HORSE RACING

MISSTOOO, $30,400 Lassie Stakes, 5½ f., by 3 lengths, in 1:04.3/5, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif., Ray York up.
HI-SAG, $24,110 N.J. Futurity, 5½ f., by 4 lengths, in 1:06.1/5, Monmouth Pk., Oceanport, N.J., Willie Hartack up.
INSOUCIANT, $23,075 Modesty Handicap, 1 1/16 m., by 2 lengths, in 1:43.2/5, Arlington Pk., Arlington Heights, Ill., Billie Fisk up.
MR. TURE, $22,550 Wilson Handicap, 6 f., by 1 length, in 1:11.3/5, Saratoga-at-Jamaica, N.Y., Jim Nichols up.

MOTORBOATING

SUCH CRUST III, owned by Jack Schafer & piloted by Walter Kadie, Intl. Trophy Race, with 1,100 pts., St. Clair, Mich.
WELCOME, piloted by William Edgar John, Rye, N.Y., Robert R. Martin Memorial Trophy predicted log race, with 98.46% accuracy, Greenwich, Conn.
HANK VOGEL, Webster, N.Y., 2"5-hydroplane Gold Helmet Trophy race, with 4:51.7 avg. time in two 5-m. heats; 135-cu.-in. hydroplane open with 5:24.3 avg. time in two 5-m. heats, Valleyfield regatta, Valleyfield, Que.

MOTORCYCLING

GEOFF DUKE, England, Dutch Tourist Trophy race, on Italian Gilera Assen, The Netherlands.

ROWING

(Natl. championships, Philadelphia)
RUDY JEZEK, NYAC, 150-lb. quarter-mile singles, in 1:17.2.
WILLIAM KNECHT, Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia, quarter-mile singles, in 1:20.
TOM SMITH, Leander Boat Club, Hamilton, Ont., 150-lb. singles, in 8:08.
BOB and AMBROSE CALLAHAN, NYAC, sr. paired oars without coxswain, in 7:45.
TOM DARCY and TOM LANGAN, Penn AC, 150-lb. double sculls, in 7:42.
TOM McCONOUGH, Fairmount Rowing Assn., Philadelphia Assn. sr. singles, in 8:03.4.
WALTER HOOVER JR. and JAMES McINTOSH, Detroit Boat Club, sr. 150-lb. doubles, in 7:30.5.
WEST SIDE ROWING CLUB, Buffalo, N.Y., 4-oar without coxswain, in 6:57; 150-lb. 8-oared shells, in 6:45.4; 4-oar with coxswain, in 7:25; 150-lb. 4-oar with coxswain, in 7:39.
VESPER BOAT CLUB, Philadelphia, sr. eights, in 6:25.4; 150-lb. quadruple sculls, in 7:18; sr. quadruple sculls, in 6:35.6; intermediate 8-oared shells, in 6:58.1.
FAIRMOUNT ROWING CLUB, Philadelphia, pair-oared shells with coxswain, in 8:40.

SWIMMING

INDIANAPOLIS AC, Natl. AAU women's jr. 400-meter medley relay, in 5:47.1; Ohio Valley championships, Louisville, Ky.
(Middle Atlantic States AAU meet, Reading, Pa.)
FRANK BRUNELL, Vesper Swim Club, Philadelphia, 105-yd. freestyle, 210-yd. freestyle, 105-yd. backstroke, 105-yd. butterfly.
HAROLD BEGEL, Pottstown, Pa., 105-yd. individual medley.
DOLLY HILL, Philadelphia, 105-yd. women's individual medley; 105-yd. women's backstroke.
VESPER SWIM CLUB, Philadelphia, team title, with 23 pts.

TENNIS

ART LARSEN, San Leandro, Calif., over Enrique Morea, 6-2, 2-6, 6-2, 6-2, intl. men's singles, Gstnd, Switzerland.
JAROSLAV DROBNY, Egypt, over Melvyn Rose, 6-2, 6-0, 6-3, men's singles, Düsseldorf, Germany.
DORIS HART, Coral Gables, Fla., over Erika Vollmer, 6-2, 6-1, women's singles, Düsseldorf, Germany.
MRS. FRANCES (BUNNY) VOSTERS, Philadelphia, over Beinar Gundersen, 6-0, 6-2, Middle States women's singles, Philadelphia.
LOUISE BROUGH, Beverly Hills, Calif., and MRS. MARGARET DU PONT, Wilmington, Del., over Barbara Green and Mrs. Vosters, 6-2, 6-8, 6-3, Middle States women's doubles, Philadelphia.



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The Question:

Is Phil Wrigley right in refusing to install lights at Wrigley Field for night baseball?

JOSEPHA STAHL, Manhasset, N.Y.



"Hooray for Phil Wrigley. If other owners would cancel out their night games, I could have my husband's undivided attention two or three nights a week. As soon as the summer comes he's a changed person. Baseball becomes his principal interest. How about us women? It's a long summer."

GUS BELL, Cincinnati

Outfielder
Cincinnati Redlegs



"He's to be commended. The tendency now is to schedule more and more night games. Since the Cubs get by without night games, Mr. Wrigley's position is unselfish. I'm not criticizing the owners who must have night games to carry on, but the emphasis should be on day games."

HANK BAUER, Overland Park, Kans.

Outfielder
N.Y. Yankees



"Mr. Wrigley is to be commended. He can increase attendance by playing at night, but he may be thinking of his players. Night ball shortens a player's career. It disturbs his eating habits and his sleep. It's a source of eyestrain. Chilly nights are particularly bad for perspiring pitchers."

EDDIE YOST, jr. Ozone Park, N.Y.

Third Baseman
Washington Senators



"Yes, Mr. Wrigley is right. Many players intensely dislike night baseball. Apparently, Mr. Wrigley does too. I prefer to play baseball in the daytime, but I can see why some of the club owners have to schedule night games for the bigger gate in order that they can make a profit."

WILLIAM C. STRICKLER, Arlington, Va.



President
Natl. Assn. Power Engineers

"I admire Wrigley for his stand. I don't like to watch baseball or any other athletic contest under lights. Daytime baseball is more enjoyable and beneficial for players and spectators alike. If this trend continues, it appears as if we'll be doing everything under lights."

SID GORDON, Jamaica Estates, N.Y.



Third Baseman
New York Giants

"Yes. Wrigley Field is the most beautiful park in the league. That's what Mr. Wrigley has always contended. He feels that light stanchions and towers would detract from its beauty. Who's to blame him for his stand against night baseball, particularly when most players don't like it?"

CHARLES A. HURTH, New Orleans



President
Southern Assn.

"I do not feel I have the authority to advise the major leagues. However, with respect to the minor leagues, baseball would not be in existence without lighted ball parks. I'm sure some of the major league baseball clubs must have night games in order to draw enough fans."

CARMINE DE SAPIO, New York City



Secretary of State
New York

"The nub of the question is the convenience of the public. The people who support any enterprise must be served. Wrigley knows his business. He's given Chicago a fine baseball club. Perhaps there's little demand for night baseball in Chicago. An astute businessman should know."

PEE WEE REESE, Louisville



Captain and Shortstop
Brooklyn Dodgers

"Yes. But some teams have to play night games to make money. I'd rather see night games played before our day off. Then we could sleep the next day. If we get subscription television, the greater revenue may enable clubs to drastically reduce the number of night games."

LT. GEN. CLARENCE R. HUEBNER



New York City
Director
N.Y. State
Civil Defense

"No. Twenty years ago I would have said yes. Today, engineers have developed lighting that is as good as daylight. Mr. Wrigley's stand is reactionary. Night baseball gives added millions a chance to see baseball at the parks and on TV. It's the principal summer recreation for Americans."

FRANK THOMAS, Pittsburgh



Outfielder
Pittsburgh Pirates

"Certainly. Baseball should be played in daylight. The hot sun loosens you up. Night baseball often works the other way. You go from day to night and from night to day. It throws you off your timing. Then the fans begin riding you. I love to play when the sun is shining."

RALPH KINER, Palm Springs, Calif.



Outfielder
Cleveland Indians

"I'm not attempting to tell the club owners what they should do, but I dislike night ball because it shortens a player's career. I hope to overtake Ted Williams in home runs this year, but if I do, that's about as far as I can go. Without night baseball I might have had several more seasons of play left."

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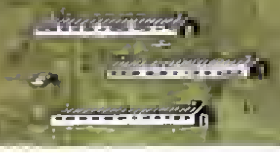
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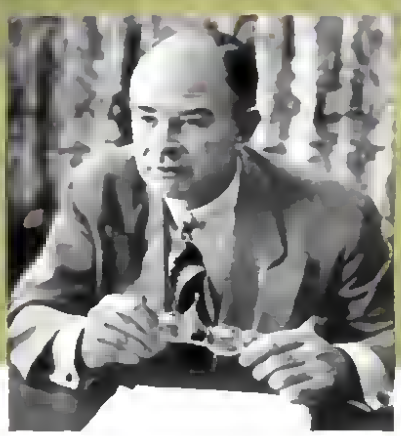
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Blottings on the wet curve • A word or two about money • How it is with Hopman • The governor gets serious • Mountain tragedy • Chess a la Romanoff

BREAK OUT THE BEECH-NUT

PREACHER ROE'S confession in SI (July 4) that he threw the illegal spitball for seven years now seems likely to become one of the events for which the 1955 baseball season will be remembered. In letters and porch-chair arguments, fans have continued to hassle over Roe's testimony in tones ranging from cheerful approval to indignation and tears. Baseball writers have kept up their strange and essentially intramural dispute as to whether the public should ever have been told about such questionable matters. In short, as Sports Editor Dan Parker headed his column in the New York *Mirror* the other day, PREACHER'S SPITTER YARN STARTS JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

The "wet pitch" was Topic A among major leaguers themselves and the sum of their talk was: The Preacher wasn't the only one throwing it—nor will he be the last.

Down in Florida last spring, long before Roe's revelations, there were training-camp arguments about returning the spitball to the game. Into the midst of one of these discussions one day walked little Phil Rizzuto, who has been swinging at major league pitching since 1941. "Bring back the spitter?" Scooter said. "I didn't know it had been away."

And Ellis Kinder, Boston's ancient marvel, merely grinned: "I hope they do. I've got a dandy one already."

Red Schoendienst of the St. Louis Cardinals says, sure, the Preach was throwing the spitter. Roe told him about it once during an off-season hunting trip. But "that still didn't help you hit it." Stan Musial says that he used to do his best to keep Roe from getting two strikes on him, knowing the next one would surely be Preach's "wet curve."

The Preacher's teammates, more or less implicated in his slickery, just shrug the thing off. Pee Wee Reese says, "I hit against Preach in batting practice and he didn't throw a spitball then. So, as far as I know, he never did throw it." Catcher Roy Campanella takes a less cautious tack. "All I know," says Campanella, "is I swung at a lot more of them than I ever caught."

Exactly who is throwing the spitter and who used it in the past are questions difficult to answer for no one has really been accused, just as no one has been seriously condemned for sliding viciously into second base, spikes flashing, to break up a double play or for intentionally throwing just a little bit at a tough batsman's head, these too being illegal—and accepted—baseball practices.

This acceptance of the situation has convinced Manager Mayo Smith of the Phillies that officially or unofficially, the spitter is going to be used more than ever. Preparedness, he believes, is

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

The match race is on: Swaps and Nashua will meet at Chicago's Washington Park on August 31 for $100,000 and a gold cup, each carrying 126 pounds. (*see page 24*).

Nashua, meanwhile, scared and enriched his backers by gaining, losing, and regaining the lead in the Arlington Classic at Chicago, thus adding another $91,675 to his earnings. Owner William Woodward forthwith shipped his handsome three-year-old colt to Saratoga, saying: "He has earned a vacation."

Charles E. Wilson, 65-year-old Secretary of Defense, admitting he had taken a spill while aquaplaning at 35 mph on a lake in Michigan during the Fourth of July weekend and broken three or four ribs, said: "I think I have to learn to act my age."

Casey Stengel, contemplating his slumping New York Yankees, who had lost eight out of their last 12 games, blamed it all on his pitchers: "They pitch good for a while and then for a while they don't pitch good at all."

Spain, having beaten Belgium 2–0 for the European baseball championship, was preparing for the Amateur "world series" in Milwaukee Sept. 23–28, when the competition will be Japan, Canada, Colombia, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Hawaii and the U.S.

Guy Lombardo, back in big-time speedboat racing with his brand-new *Tempo VII*, which has been clocked as high as 175 mph, started tuning up in Canada for the Gold Cup races at Seattle in August.

Don Budge, carrot-topped tennis immortal, was announced as the new coach of the junior Davis Cup group, after Jack Kramer, who thought up the idea and first coached the boys, angered the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association by publishing an article on how he had once been a "paid amateur."

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the next atep. "As soon as we get a chance after the All-Star Game," he said last week, "I want my young pitchers to start brushing up on it. As you know, it's a difficult pitch to control, so it's high time we started practicing."

The *Mirror's* Dan Parker saved some of his best irony for colleagues who invoke an "unwritten law" as a reason for failing to report the use of the spitter. "I don't know who unwrites those



unwritten rules," Parker said, "but offhand I'd say he would be more likely to be a club owner than a newspaperman. If a pitcher is violating a rule and a baseball writer has proof of it, he's a poor newspaperman if he doesn't break the story. One of the faults of sports writing is that it has too many unwritten rules for the protection of cheaters and not enough for the protection of the sport itself and the public."

Same day Parker's column went to press, Pitcher Ned Garver of the Detroit Tigers beat the New York Yankees in a well-pitched game that was marked by a fascinating incident. In the eighth inning, with the count 2 2 on Mickey Mantle, Pitcher Garver seemed to be making unusually thoughtful preparations for his next pitch. Yankee players rushed to the edge of the dugout and shouted to Mantle. Radio Sportscaster Mel Allen reported their warning: "Look out, Mickey, he's wetting one!" Plate Umpire Nestor Chylak called down to Garver on the pitcher's mound to show him the ball.

In the immemorial defensive gesture of a spithaller caught with a dampened ball, Ned Garver rolled the ball to the plate across the blotting grass.

Next day no New York or Detroit sportswriter mentioned the incident in his seemingly detailed account of the game.

The unwritten law was still in force.

"VIVE LA DIFFERENCE"

THE United States Golf Association, tired of having its golfers use the National Amateur Championship as a stepping stone into the pro ranks, issued an ultimatum: If you're going to remain an amateur, welcome to the tournament. If not, please go away.

The USGA said it meant no criticism of Arnold Palmer (1954) and Gene Littler (1953) who wasted little time turning pro after winning the U.S. amateur title. The association is merely afraid it's getting to be a fad, pointing out that before World War *II* only one champion in 47 years had quickly jumped to the pros: Lawson Little. Understandably enough, the USGA believes that an amateur champion should be able to turn up the following year to defend his championship.

A message from USGA President Isaac Grainger is being sent to entrants in both the September men's amateur at Richmond, Va. and the women's amateur at Charlotte, N.C. next month (top women players who have turned pro include Jackie Pung, Beverly Hanson, Louise Suggs, Betty Jameson and Patty Berg). President Grainger spells it out: "If you intend to become a professional within the next year, please inform us immediately so that your entry may be withdrawn . . . There is a proper place for professionalism. But the line between amateur and professional must be clearly drawn, in fairness to both.

"The code of amateurism has helped golf to thrive. The game is in the keeping of the players. Your help in upholding golf's standards will be most welcome."

AN AUSSIE AT EASE

AUSTRALIA'S peppery tennis master, Davis Cup Captain Harry Hopman, has mellowed. Striding impeccably around the courts of Chicago's Saddle and Cycle Club last week (where his youngsters polished off Mexico 5 matches to 0), Hopman told newsmen he had only a few minor problems. None of these, including matches with five nations on the road to meeting the U.S. in the Challenge Round at Forest Hills August 26–28, were enough even to furrow the brow of the outspoken, sometimes irascible man who has been called tennis's greatest tactician and toughest taskmaster.

The role of invader is not new to Hopman but, in recent years, it has been a rare one. Not since 1950 has he had to bring a team to the U.S. to recapture the treasured cup, an unwieldy silver soup bowl of American parentage but of fanatic Australian adoption. This year Hopman has taken on another role—road-show manager of a cross-country tour which will present to a large group of North Americans their first real international tennis. This weekend in Louisville the Aussies play Brazil (which beat Cuba). Next week they meet Canada (conqueror of the British West Indies) in Montreal; then take on Japan (winner over the Philippines) in Glen Cove, Long Island. The interzone final against Europe's champion is scheduled for Philadelphia, August 2 14. Two weeks later, waiting at Forest Hills, will be the Americans—and the Cup.

Hopman talks to his boys about the "very real possibility of an upset" before the Challenge Round but this is both for psychological purposes and to be polite. No one in tennis expects the Australian Big Three of Ken Rosewall, Lew Hoad and Rex Hartwig, with occasional spot play from the Aussie spares, Neale Fraser and Ashley Cooper, to have any trouble munching its way through the appetizers ahead. Only Sweden's Sven Davidson appears capable of taking a match from the Aussies, and Hopman personally believes the Swede will never get the chance—he predicts an Italian team victory in the European zone finals.

Hopman's cheerfulness is a switch from the strain he exhibited last winter while under attack in Australia for losing the Cup, or during the days he was molding his youngsters, with a Cromwellian hand, into future tennis greats. For one thing, young Hoad, overdue to fulfill his promise of some day becoming the world's best amateur, has solved a problem common to many young bachelors. In Europe last month, Hoad married his tennis-playing sweetheart Jennifer Staley who, under Australian rules against traveling wives, was packed off home. The boys have also learned to conduct



ARCHERY FIEND

Playing with his pretty arrows
Pleases happy little Harry.
Wait until his dad discovers
That he dips them in curare!

—IRWIN L. STEIN

themselves as befits members of the international tennis set, *e.g.*, ties and jackets at dinner. And Hopman claims good results from a game he has invented in which all squad members, including the team captain, are fined for advanced profanity. "Hell and damn are all right," he explains. "The point is, when you get a group of boys traveling around together months at a time, every other word may become a swear word. Actually, I have a harder time remembering than they do."

JUST BREATHE DEEPLY

THE REFLEXES a man acquires to help him earn his daily bread are more highly developed in some professions than in others. Consider the case of



Raul (Raton) Macias of Mexico City, as reported in the British press:

About to undergo surgery for repair of a broken jaw, Macias began to breathe deeply as the anesthetic was administered. "One," intoned the anesthetist, starting his count. "Two-three-four. . . ." All went well until the count reached nine, at which point the NBA's world bantamweight champion made desperate efforts to get to his feet.

A CODE FOR PENNSYLVANIA

FOR A SICK SPORT, strong medicine has now been mixed and this week the Pennsylvania state legislature will consider whether to order the patient to hold still, take it and be cured. The sport is boxing, which has been running a high fever in the wake of scandals involving the prefight doping of Heavyweight Harold Johnson and the devious doings of promoters and managers. The medicine: a new code drawn up by the State Athletic Commission under orders from Governor George Leader.

The Governor's instructions to the Commission were simple: "If we can't clean up boxing, we'd better be rid of it." And indications are the Commission took the Governor seriously. Among other things, the code provides for compulsory fingerprinting of all licensees (including out-of-state co-promoters); rigid prefight mental and physical examinations under the direction of a board of medical specialists; liability insurance for all fighters paid by the promoter, up to $500 for injury and $5,000 for death; designation of the state police as the law enforcement agency in direct control of the sport under the Commission's supervision. In addition, the state would increase its take from boxing through a 5% gross receipts tax on all admissions to closed-circuit televised bouts and a similar levy on fees paid to promoters for television, radio and motion picture rights.

Reaction from the International Boxing Club came fast. IBC Secretary Truman Gibson blasted one of the code's provisions which would allow the Pennsylvania Commission to suspend licenses before a full-scale "hearing"—a clause which would let the Commission act like lightning, on evidence of dirty business, right up to the hour of a fight. "We have no plans to schedule fights in Pennsylvania" was Gibson's meaningful conclusion.

The IBC's attitude amounted to a threat of a boycott, but the question of who will boycott whom is presently academic, since Governor Leader has indicated he will continue to ban boxing in Pennsylvania until the code is enacted by the legislature. If that body agrees, the showdown will be at hand.

NOBLE CALM

WHEN A BOLT of lightning struck only a few yards from the royal box at Ascot, Britain's most fashionable race meeting, Queen Elizabeth was fortunately attending a garden party at Buckingham Palace. Others weren't so lucky. One spectator was killed, 30 injured and scores hurled to the ground as the electric shock sizzled along a wire fence. Then came torrential rains which ruined flowered dresses and picture hats and sent more racegoers to the ground during a near-stampede to reach shelter.

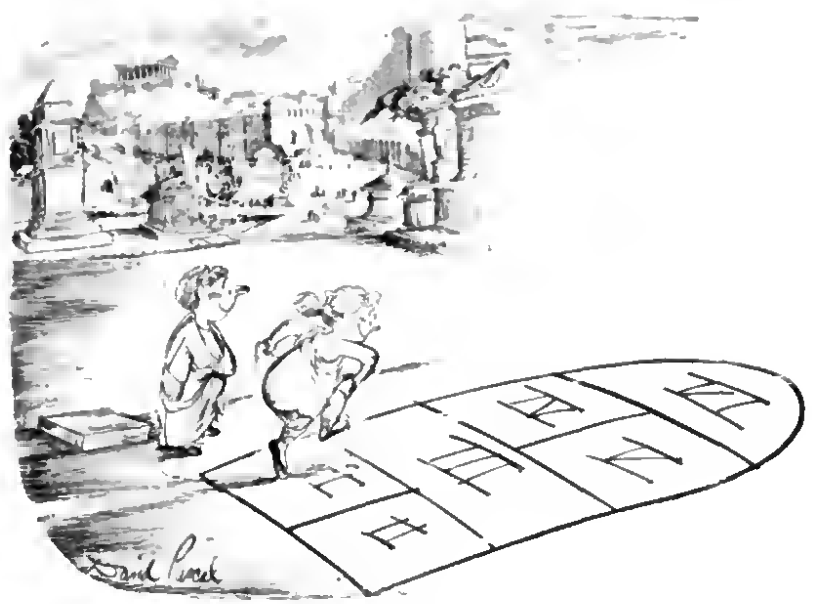
Which prompted the senior steward at Ascot, Bernard Marmaduke Fitz-Alan-Howard, K.G., P.C., G.C.V.O., Duke of Norfolk, Premier Duke and Earl and Earl Marshal and Chief Butler of England, to caution the press: "I hope nothing sensational will be made of this incident."

THE AVALANCHE

THERE IS a special sadness that surrounds accidents involving children, and such an accident has now cost the lives of seven boys in the Canadian Rockies. Of the 11 youngsters in the party, one was 12 years old, five were 13, and the oldest was 16. The avalanche that swept down upon them on 11,636-foot Mount Temple killed one instantly. Six died of injuries and exposure. Two were seriously injured.

The glistening peak of Matterhorn, pictured elsewhere in this issue, may dimly suggest what a magnetic attraction a wilderness mountain exercises on the imagination, and it may be that there is no place on earth where the attraction is stronger than where the boys started their lighthearted climb. It was not even a climb, but "a sort of happy-go-lucky hike up the mountain." The boys were part of a group of 22 in a summer camping expedition

continued on next page



continued from page 11

on Lake Moraine near Banff, sponsored by a Philadelphia outdoor group. They were not mountain climbers. But even veteran climbers say there is a powerful fascination to the Canadian Rockies, though they are not high, as mountains go, and lack the famous and familiar challenge of the Alps and the Himalayas. They extend in a gigantic wall, running a thousand miles from the United States border to the Arctic, a wall a hundred miles wide and two miles high. They are not so much challenging as strange: the late great Frank Smythe said their appeal lay in their remoteness, the extraordinary beauty of the forests on their slopes, the ceaseless interest of their wild life—bears, big horn sheep, cougars—all nonmountain-climbing matters, to which, nevertheless, mountain climhers respond. The flaw in their mystery is that they are a young range, still weathering, so the rocks are loose, and a good deal of experience in climbing is necesssry to know how dangerous they are.

Campers are forbidden to go more than a mile from the highways in Banff National Park without a permit, but the regulation cannot be enforced. There is a $500 fine for failing to register a climbing expedition, but if campers start up one of the peaks on an impulse, there is no way to stop them. One of the two adult leaders of the boys with climbing experience was away on the day of the climb, buying groceries. The other, an eastern schoolteacher named William Oeser, accompanied the boys to the 8,500-foot level. There he stopped with a hlister on his foot. A few of the boys dropped out also. It was still early. Eleven boys wanted to go higher. They started casually up a slope which a Swiss guide in Banff later said was a natural avalanche slope. They had no equipment. They were wearing track shoes, baseball shoes, or smooth-soled scampers, where veteran climbers wear special boots with climbing nails. All 11 boys wore light summer clothing. Only one boy had an ice ax. When they saw small avalanches starting in the vicinity, they turned around. They tied themselves to a rope and started down. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the big avalanche thundered down on them. The lead boy plunged his ice ax into the snow and held on. The rope broke. The others were swept as much as 300 feet down the slope under the snow. The second boy on the rope rode the crest of the avalanche and was uninjured. A freezing rain and hail descended on the mountain, and though rescue crews came fast, and most of the bodies had been recovered by 11 o'clock that night, only one of the seven who died was still alive when help came.

RESHEVSKY VS. HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD CHESS CIRCLES, not a very large group, were more thsn ordinarily interested in Sammy Reshevsky's victory over World Champion Mikhail Botvinnik (SI, July 18) because Reshevsky has tested his skill against the best chess players the movie colony can produce. Reshevsky, who rarely praises the games of his opponents, even had a good word to say about Humphrey Bogart. He said —one of the few compliments ever recorded of him—that Bogart played a nice game.

The Bogart-Reshevsky match took place in the Crown Room of Romanoff's Restaurant, and Reshevsky never sat down: he was playing 29 other opponents at the time. "The thing was," Bogart says, "when Reshevsky would go by me on the rounds, he would only take one quick look and make his move. I begged him to stop just once for a moment and think about it. Make me look good, for once." Actually, Bogart lasted for two hours—a terrific record against so relentless a player as Reshevaky.

Bogart learned to play chess when he was a 21-year-old unemployed actor, whiling away the time in penny arcades on Sixth Avenue in New York. In Hollywood, his favorite opponent is Mike (The Last of the Romanoffs) Romanoff, who says he learned chess "at Oxford, old boy—I'm an Oxford graduate, you know—everything about me is questionable, but there you are." The Romanoff-Bogart matches have been going on for years. They began in the restaurant in the afternoons because, as Bogart says, "he had to stay around the place and I didn't have anything to do between pictures." The results are confused because, as Bogart also says, "you can't really play when you're drinking."

When Reshevsky first opened in Hollywood, Romanoff was in the hospital. He played from his hospital hed and drew against Reshevsky. Romanoff is an old-fashioned player who deplores modern chess as too mathematical, and prefers the old game of surprise, daring, imagination—"the brilliant game," he says, "the surprise game." On Reshevsky's second Hollywood appearance, Romanoff pulled a big enough surprise and beat Reshevsky. "Bogey?" ssys Romanoff. "Bogey wouldn't have a chance."

SPECTACLE

POLO WITH A BLIMP

Arizona pushball, as played by teams of deputy sheriffs, uses fun-loving Quarter horses and offers lots of kicks

The horses and men pushing the huge silver ball shown on the following four pages are devotees of a slam-bang game called pushball, a game which may be said to resemble polo played with a blimp instead of a ball. Pushball, at least as played by these deputies of the Maricopa County (Ariz.) sheriff's posse and their West Side rivals, is a rough game, so rough in fact that swinging punches are not uncommon. But the horses don't seem to mind. They apparently love the game and continue to play and push despite altercations topside. When the horses hear the opening whistle they do not even have to be guided by rein. They charge the ball zestfully without any signal whatsoever from their riders. Ernie Collier, who refereed the game pictured, says he has watched horses in pasture play the game by themselves just for kicks. As further described on page 17, the game of pushball has plenty of kicks.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN





Throwing a buckskin hip, tha maunt of Denny Lova (*left*) blacks tha way as pushbail crunches to a halt in a gama betwaen Maricope



County and West Side sheriff posses in erene of the Arizona Biltmore Hotel. Maricope County pushed the herdest, won the match



West Side's Doc Dendy is thrown (above) as his enthusiastic quarter horse is carried away by the wild spirit of pushball.

Dendy, now under the ball (below), soon remounted unharmed. Players claim numerous spills make the game more "exciting."



PUSHBALL IS NO PUSHOVER

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Out in Arizona they're keeping alive the tradition of the Wild West with a game that's so new—and rough—there is only one rule: anything goes just so you don't hurt the horses

IT IS ALWAYS reassuring to find that the Old West's appetite for horsemanship remains unappeased, and that fresh tournaments of slam-bang skill are being invented all the time. For the past three years down in Arizona, the good deputies of the Maricopa County sheriff's posse and their hard-hitting Quarter horses have been taking on all challengers in a rough-and-tumble game with the innocuous name of pushball. The object of Arizona pushhall is simply to push the hall down the field across the opponent's goal line, hut as can be seen from the pictures on the preceding pages, pushing the pushball is no pushover.

Indeed, explains Ernie Collier, a Maricopa County posseman who wisely referees, there is nothing on horseback quite like pushball. "I've played polo, and there is no comparison for both speed and roughness on both horse and rider," Collier says. "Pushball is rough and tough, and the spectators eat it up. Of course men get hurt at every match, but that just makes the game more exciting. Just so a horse doesn't get hurt—the people don't like that."

The only difficulty is that while all 14 sheriff's posses in Arizona play pushhall, no one has got around to standardizing the rules. In fact, no one has yet got around to finding the rules. However, the Maricopa County team, unbeaten to date and scheduled to defend its state title at Flagstaff on July 24, has made a start toward drawing up a set of rules. In brief, it calls for a rectangular field with end goal lines and a center line where play starts, four men on each side, and an air-filled ball, made of either rubber or leather, seven feet in diameter (the ball used to be four feet in diameter, but the horses jumped over it).

Once the referee toots his whistle, both teams charge forward at 1) the ball and 2) at one another much in the manner of Russian cavalry intent upon routing the enemy host in an Eisenstein movie. As one might expect in a melee of this sort, there are no offensive plays and no defensive plays. For three periods of 12 minutes each, it's just one big push. And the matter of fouls is left to the discretion of the referee. The horses themselves do most of the heavy work, sometimes so enthusiastically that they inadvertently throw their riders. This will happen when the eager horse works up a good sweat. He'll start sticking to the ball and then, in all likelihood, roll his rider off under the ball.

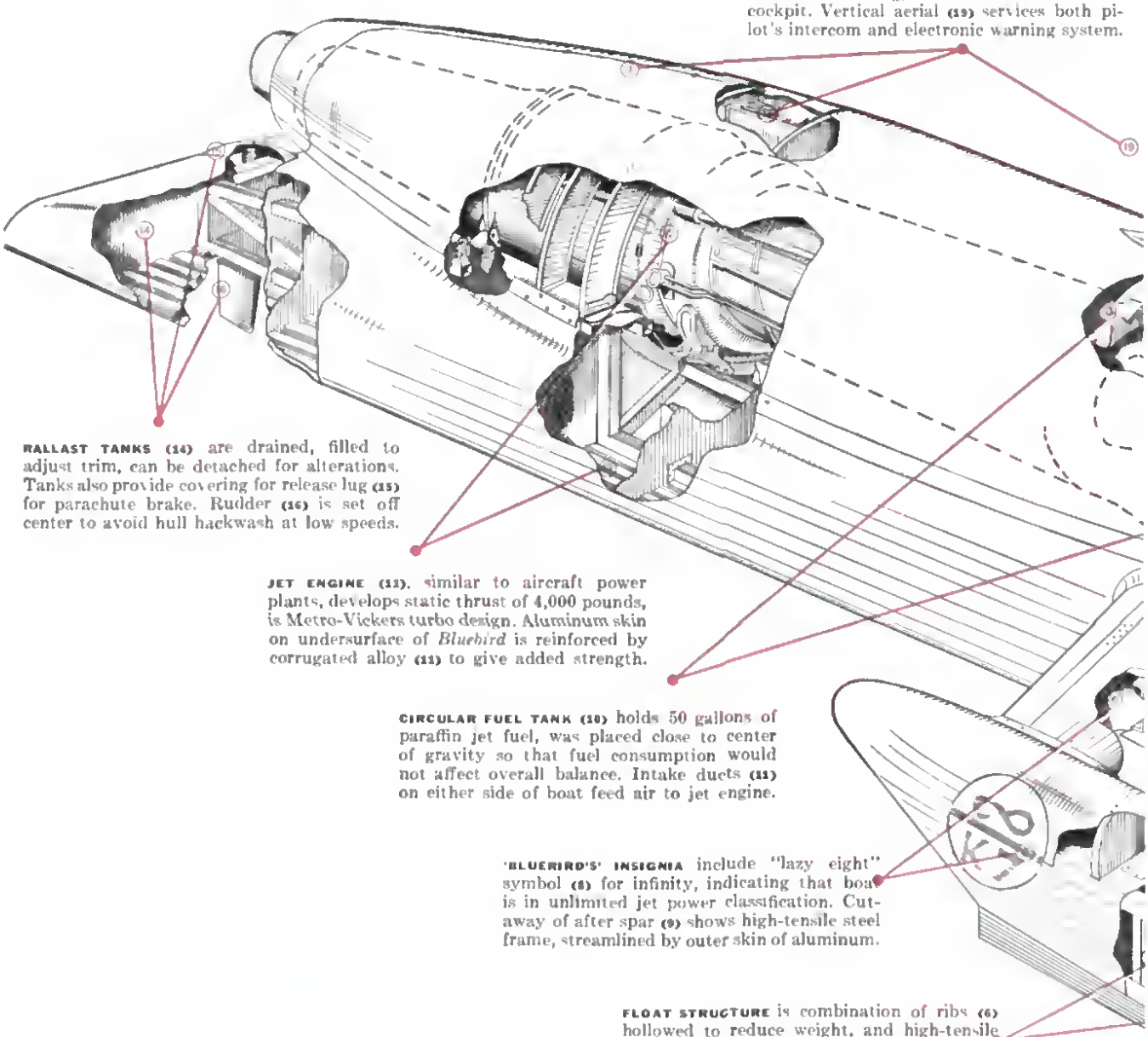
According to Referee Collier, a good horse will "train in" for pushball after only ahout three hours of training. First the rider works the horse in short takes, getting him used to the ball, then he trains the horse to push the ball.

The history of pushball, short as it is, has almost as many twists and turns as does the style of play itself. Colonel L. T. Godfrey, since 1919 the athletic director of the New Mexico Military Institute at Roswell, is able to recall that the game was first introduced to train doughboys during World War I. It was then a dismounted mass exercise, and how Army authorities learned of the game isn't known, though the chances are they picked it up from freshman-sophomore rushes at Yale, Columbia and other colleges, where a sort of pedestrian pushball has heen played since the days of turtle-neck sweaters and hair parted in the middle. In any event, Army cavalry units took up pushball from the infantry, pausing only to convert it to a horseman's pastime. The cavalry, which dispossessed the infantry at the Institute in 1920, hrought along the game, plus a copious supply of balls.

Pushhall has enjoyed spurts of popularity in California, though suhject naturally to the variations which residents of that state are wont to invent. In other words, in California horses are not often used in pushball. Hot rods, equipped with cowcatchers, are the rage for the game. But this does not mean that the horse has lost its foothold in California. The state is naturally strong for rodeo, and also contains plenty of U.S. devotees of that imported miscellany known as the gymkhana. One brisk gymkhana center is the Thacher School in the Ojai Valley, where the students have been charging about the grounds since 1900 in the event and give no sign of letting up. The gymkhana (from *gend-khana*, Hindustani for ball house or racquet court) at first consisted of pony and horse races at catch weights staged by the British in their Indian outposts. Later on the British added the *pâgöl* or "funny races," some of which were on horsehack, others on foot or bicycle.

The gymkhana in vogue at the Thacher School includes such exerting events as tilting, in which the rider, armed with a lance, attempts to spear three rings in a row; bending, in which the horse and rider wind through five stakes trying to keep from upsetting them; and broom polo. It's a pretty hectic program, so much so that one would expect the gymkhana to he dying out in this soft age of golfmobiles and ski lifts. The gymkhana isn't, though. It's spreading. Only last week a gymkhana took place at Montauk Point, Long Island, and it's reported that everyone, including the horses, had a dandy time. (END)

NYLON PARACHUTE (17) acts as emergency brake, can be spilled by rip cord (18) leading back to release lug, then forward to control in cockpit. Vertical aerial (19) services both pilot's intercom and electronic warning system.



BALLAST TANKS (14) are drained, filled to adjust trim, can be detached for alterations. Tanks also provide covering for release lug (15) for parachute brake. Rudder (16) is set off center to avoid hull backwash at low speeds.

JET ENGINE (12), similar to aircraft power plants, develops static thrust of 4,000 pounds, is Metro-Vickers turbo design. Aluminum skin on undersurface of *Bluebird* is reinforced by corrugated alloy (11) to give added strength.

CIRCULAR FUEL TANK (10) holds 50 gallons of paraffin jet fuel, was placed close to center of gravity so that fuel consumption would not affect overall balance. Intake ducts (11) on either side of boat feed air to jet engine.

'BLUEBIRD'S' INSIGNIA include "lazy eight" symbol (8) for infinity, indicating that boat is in unlimited jet power classification. Cutaway of after spar (9) shows high-tensile steel frame, streamlined by outer skin of aluminum.

FLOAT STRUCTURE is combination of ribs (6) hollowed to reduce weight, and high-tensile steel frames. As jet boat reaches 40 mph, hull rises from water, rides on planing shoes (7) fastened onto floats and after end of hull.

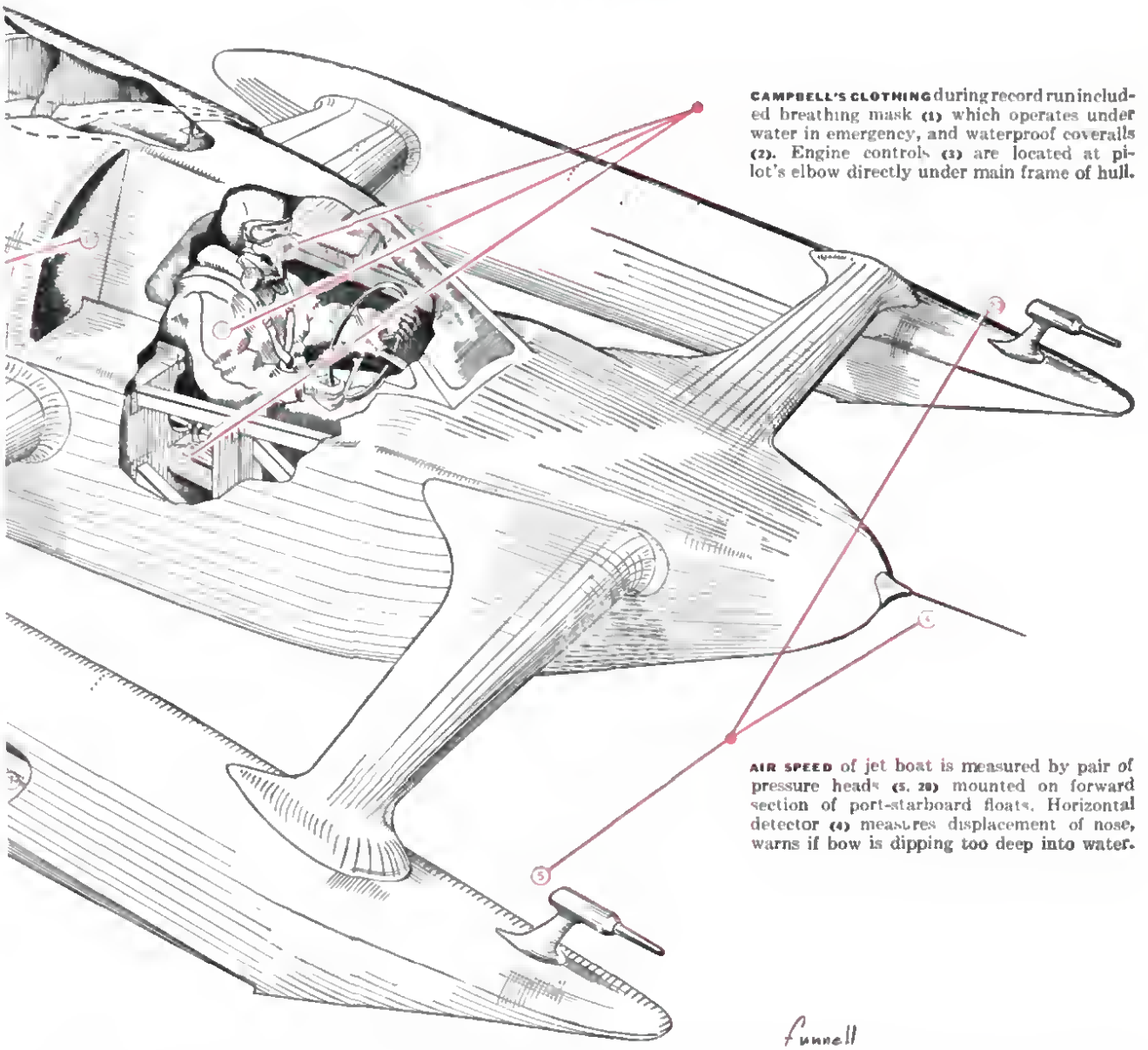
CAMPBELL HITS 186 MPH IN TRIAL RUN



DON CAMPBELL'S JET WATERBIRD

An Englishman's revolutionary 'Bluebird' surpassed the world's water speed record last week

by EZRA BOWEN



LAST TUESDAY evening Donald Campbell, 34, son of England's late speed king, Sir Malcolm, squirmed into the narrow cockpit of his jet-powered speedboat *Bluebird* and eased his foot down on the throttle. The green quiet of the Lake Country was shattered by the hollow jet boom as the aluminum hydroplane, looking like a giant modernistic lobster, nosed out onto the glassy surface of Lake Ullswater. The run began as just one more in a series of tests young Don Campbell has carried out on the revolutionary jet boat (diagramed on these pages) in which he is determined to bring back to Britain the world water speed record once held by his father.

On Tuesday evening he planned to hold *Bluebird* to a moderate speed, close to his father's old record of 141 but still 37 mph short of the world mark now held by Stanley Sayres of Seattle. But as *Bluebird* taxied round a bend onto the lake's long straight stretch, Campbell, for the first time

continued on next page

WITH "BLUEBIRD" LAUNCHED AND READY FOR TEST ON LAKE ULLSWATER, DON CAMPBELL SHOWS STRAIN OF SIX YEARS OF PLANNING AND BUILDING

DON CAMPBELL'S HERITAGE OF SPEED



SIR MALCOLM AND SON traveled to Utah in 1935 seeking land speed record.



CHRISTENING OLD "BLUEBIRD" in 1939, young Don gave name to boat in which his father set record.



MOTORCYCLING near their home in Surrey was a family



TO RECAPTURE HIS FATHER'S SPEED RECORD



CURRENT RECORD HOLDER is Stan Sayres of Seattle, shown here breaking Sir Malcolm's mark in 1950 by driving *Slo-Mo IV* at 160.3. Later he raised record to 178.5.

"BLUEBIRD'S" RECORD RUN

continued from page 19

in six years of planning and building, stopped being cautious.

"The water was right, and things were going very well," he said later, "so I let it accelerate."

In one tremendous burst *Bluebird* leaped from 120 to 180 miles per hour —faster than the existing record—and kept moving. At that incredible water speed the boat lost some steering stability, and inside the cockpit Campbell felt *Bluebird* sliding dangerously. Crackling over the radiophone to aides ashore came his voice: "I'm not enjoying this!" Then, as the air-speed needle shimmered past 180 mph he shouted, "I'm getting one hell of a ride."

Not even "full out," *Bluebird* had topped the listed world's records. All that remained now was to make it official with a two-way run over a measured mile against stop watches.

Suddenly close at hand, this final moment has, for Donald Campbell, been a long time in coming. Since Sir Malcolm's death in 1949, Donald has pursued the world record. In 1949 he had his father's old *Bluebird* up to 150 when the gearbox ripped apart. The following year the engine broke up under prop riding. The next summer *Bluebird* hit a submerged timber that ripped a 12-foot gash in her hull. Meantime Stan Sayres had taken the record to America with *Slo-Mo-Shun IV*, raised it to 178.5. That appeared to be the limit for propeller boats, and especially for conventional hydroplane design. For at those speeds the broad forward surfaces of a hydro catch the air and the boat tries to take off.

In designing a new *Bluebird*, Campbell made a radical design change, substituted separate floats for the usual broad planing surfaces, cutting the dangers of flight tendency. For his power plant he picked a jet. But even as the new *Bluebird* was abuilding, a jet boat driven by Campbell's friend John Cobb nosed under at 200 mph, exploding and killing Cobb. There was, apparently, another danger that no one really understood—a water barrier much like the sound wall encountered by jet aircraft—which sets up a series of high-frequency vibrations against the hull of a boat approaching 200. Once the vibrations take hold, the boat may go into an uncontrollable pitching cycle and disintegrate.

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port for Campbells when father was seeking speed records



WAR SERVICE stopped Sir Malcolm's collection of records. He failed in his only post-war try



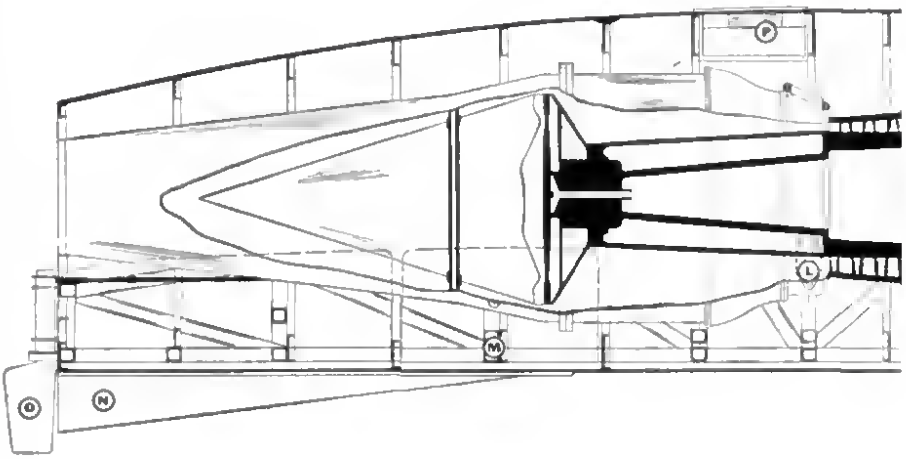
OLD SPEED KING died in 1949 still holding water speed record he set with *Bluebird II* in 1939.

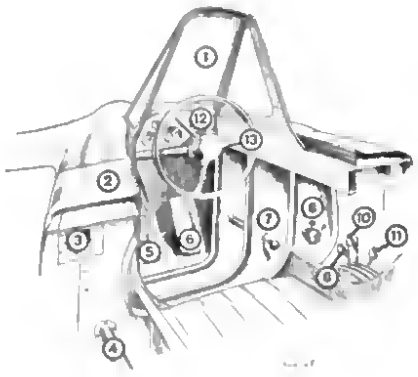
"BLUEBIRD'S" RECORD RUN

continued from page 21

The new *Bluebird* was built to take these strains. With an aluminum-alloy skin strengthened by corrugations to withstand a wrench of 27 Gs, she is a near-perfect speed machine. She is not perfect for anything else. Under international rules she is ineligible for racing competition, and her records will not intrude on those of the propeller-driven classes.

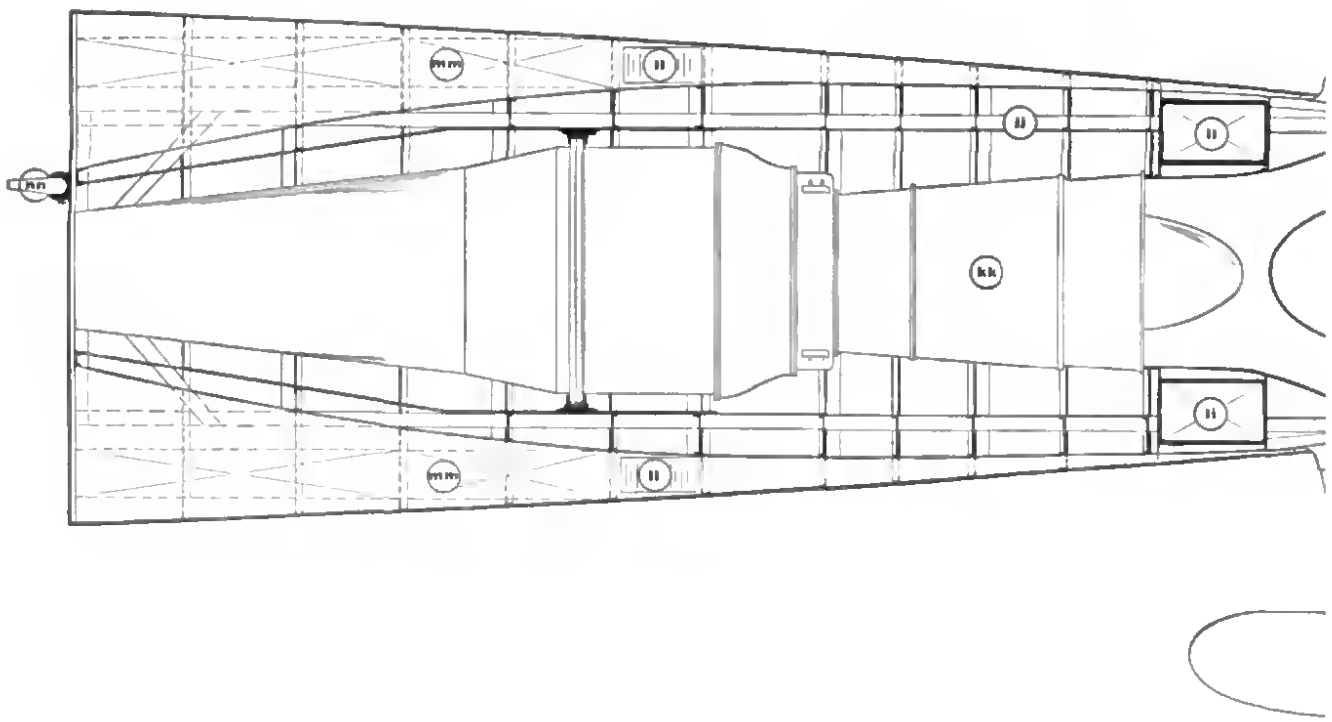
Boat-to-boat races, however, are no concern of Don Campbell. As the week started, he was concerned only with waiting for the right weather to make his run for the record. "I can do it," he said, "if I can hold the brute."

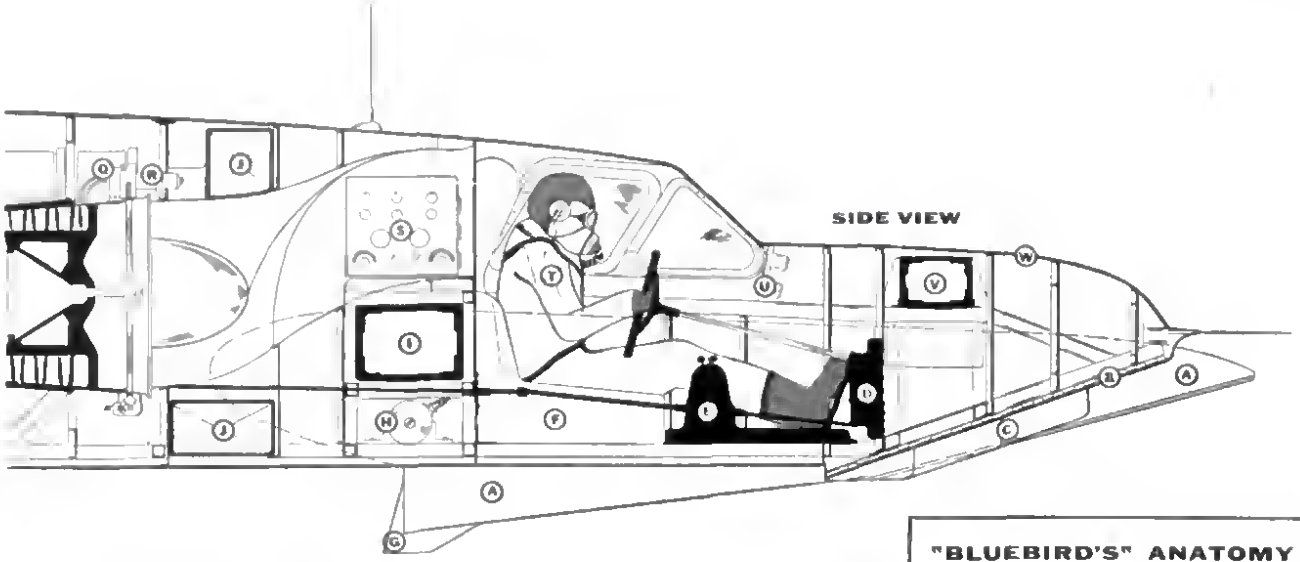


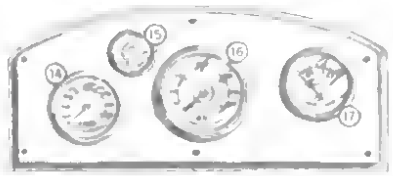


INTERIOR VIEW OF COCKPIT

1 Windscreen
2 Air intake spray flaps
3 Main frame tube
4 Rudder control rod
5 Foot rest
6 Foot throttle
7 Parachute release
8 Dump valve for unburned fuel
9 Fuel flow control switch
10 Hand throttle
11 Foot throttle governor
12 Instrument panel
13 Steering wheel

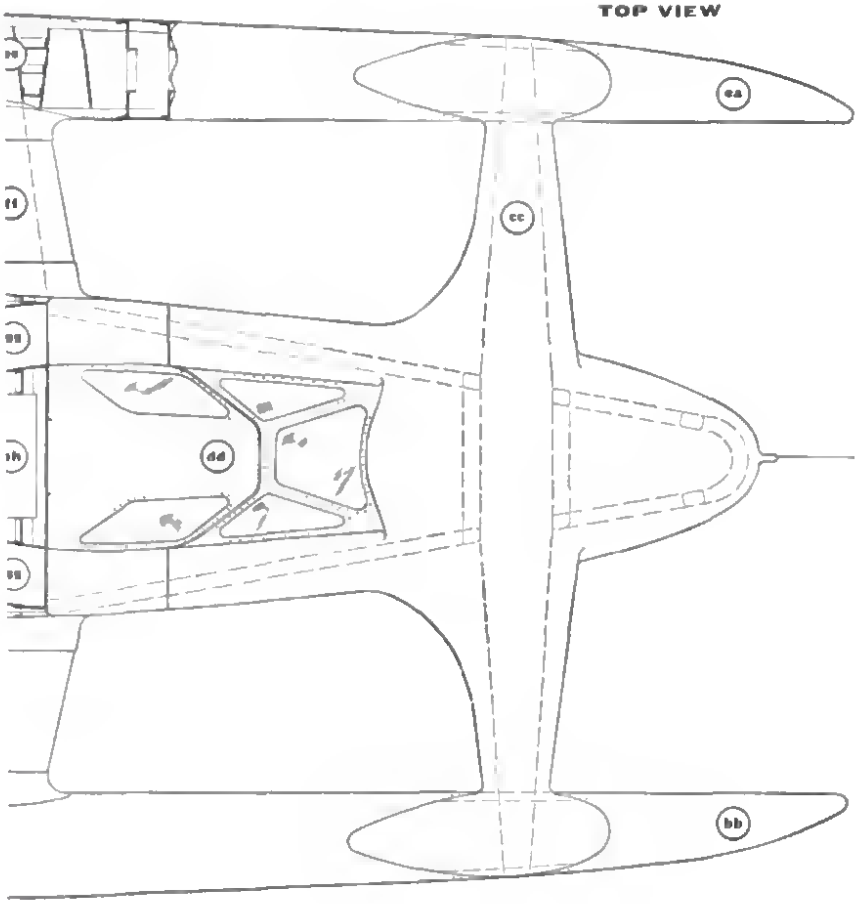






INSTRUMENT PANEL

14 Tachometer
15 Fuel pressure
16 Air-speed indicator
17 Jet pipe temperature



"BLUEBIRD'S" ANATOMY

SIDE VIEW

A Port float
B Aluminum alloy corrugations to strengthen nose
C Directors to channel water onto planing surfaces
D Rudder-control gearbox
E Engine controls
F Pilot's specially shaped seat
G Stabilizing fin
H Compressed air for breathing mask
I After spar housing
J Segments of circular fuel tank
K Jet engine
L Engine mounting
M Strengthening ribs
N Planing shoe
O Rudder
P Parachute housing
Q Fuel pump
R Fuel flow governor
S Electronic unit automatically transmits stress factors, i.e., air speed, pitch, roll, and vertical acceleration and vertical displacement of nose, to receiving unit on shore. Each factor has own high-frequency channel. Unit also contains sixth channel for intercom between Campbell and shore observers, so assistants can flash warning if stresses become excessive
T Pilot wears helmet, radio transceiving equipment, breathing mask, waterproof coveralls and life jacket with quick release harness
U Instrument panel
V Forward spar housing
W Aluminum alloy outer skin

TOP VIEW

aa Port float
bb Starboard float
cc Forward spar
dd Quick-release cockpit cover
ee After spar float housing
ff After spar
gg Air intake ducting
hh Electronic unit
ii Segments of circular fuel tank
jj High-tensile steel main frame
kk Jet engine
ll Batteries for electronic unit
mm Trim tanks
nn Rudder

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT **EXTRA:**



SWAPS AND NASHUA WILL MEET

Rex Ellsworth's California red chestnut and William Woodward's New York bay colt are matched in a winner-take-all race that should determine which is truly Horse of the Year

NEWS to gladden the hearts of racing fans everywhere came from Chicago this week. Swaps and Nashua will definitely meet in a match race to determine the unofficial U.S. champion 3-year-old. Since early June (SI, June 13) Ben Lindheimer, director of Chicago's Washington and Arlington Parks, has been trying to line up this dream race. His persistence has paid off and he was able to announce to the public this week that owners Rex Ellsworth of Swaps and William Woodward Jr. of Nashua have agreed to the following terms for what will almost certainly be the race of the year.

The date: Wednesday, August 31.

The place: Washington Park, Chicago.

The distance: Kentucky Derby distance of 1 1/4 miles.

The weights: Kentucky Derby weights of 126 pounds.

The purse: $100,000, winner take all, plus a gold cup for the victor.

Jockeys for the big race will be the same top riders who have guided both horses to sensational records: Willie Shoemaker aboard Swaps and Eddie Arcaro on Nashua.

When Lindheimer made his original proposal for the match race, both Ellsworth and Woodward were unable to make their training schedules jibe. Now all details have been worked out. Both owners agreed on Washington Park, which has the longest home stretch (1,531 feet) of any U.S. race course. Swaps is due at Washington Park next week. Nashua is now at Saratoga for a well-deserved rest but will be shipped west two weeks before the race.



FRISKY NASHUA stretches neck, Jockey Arcaro smiles after workout in Chicago, where colt won $148,500 Arlington Classic.

VICTORIOUS SWAPS ignored restraints of Jockey Shoemaker, won by six lengths in $57,750 Westerner at Hollywood Park.



SUMMIT MEETING FOR SPORT

America's leading sport figures lunch with the President and pose for a striking picture illuminating the depth and breadth of U.S. athletic talent



The picture above records probably the greatest array of U.S. sport stars ever gathered together in one place. Thirty-two in all had been invited to Washington by President Eisenhower for a luncheon aimed at discussing plans for encouraging greater participation in sports by American youth. The President and assembled guests listened to research reports indicating that the youth of the U.S. is far behind other countries in physical fitness. Ike expressed concern over the report, appointed Vice President Nixon to launch a study of the problem. The White House luncheon thus focused the attention of the nation upon the matter and lent encouragement to local groups already working to raise the general physical level of U.S. youth. For a key to who is who turn to page 46.

MUGGERS'



TWINKLETOES TUNNEY AND DAPPER DEMPSEY

In Chicago, Gene Tunney (*left*) and Jack Dempsey, onetime boxing kings grown paunchy with age, waltz for charity in a ring at Soldier Field on the very spot where Tunney whipped Dempsey in the legendary "long count" fight 28 years ago.



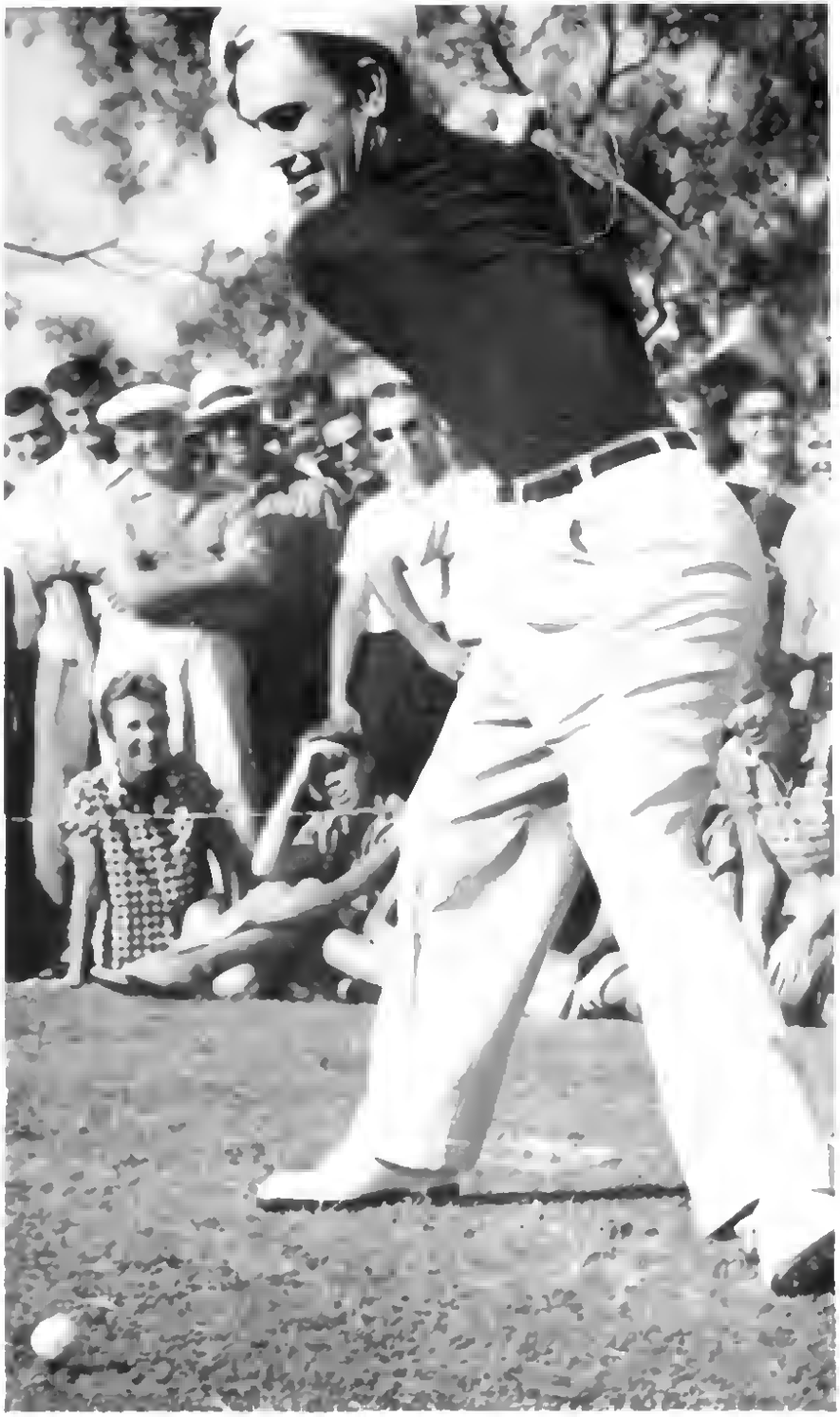
KIRK DOUGLAS, A TROUT AND A STARLET



CORNER



On location in Oregon for his new picture, Actor Kirk Douglas took his Italian co-star Elsa Martinelli fishing and momentarily unnerved his pretty companion by holding up a large rainbow trout for close inspection.



BEN HOGAN PLAYS THE CLOWN

In Abilene, Texas, supposedly dour Ben Hogan surprised observers by displaying some hidden talents as a clown. With his customary cap askew, Hogan stood spread-eagled, stuck out his rump and then flailed away in a dramatic exhibition of how *not* to play golf.



THE ROVING EYES OF ALY KHAN

Bon vivant Aly Khan turns on the charm at races in Chantilly, France. Subsequently Aly's fortunes declined as he finished third in race for gentlemen-jockeys, the Jockey Club asked him to explain reversal of form by one of his horses and a horse kicked him in the stomach.



BREAKAGE AT HAPPY KNOLL

The younger generation is a definite asset to life at the club. Still, there should be a limit

by J. P. MARQUAND

A letter from Mr. Roger Horlick of the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club to Mr. Albert Magill, its President Emeritus, regarding the coming-out party given on the club premises by Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Bledsoe for their daughter.

Dear Albert:

I am writing you in behalf of the Board of Governors to ask your help regarding a clash of personalities which at present is rocking the Happy Knoll Country Club. Our problem primarily has to do with Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Bledsoe, whom you know better than I, and who yesterday were responsible for an emergency meeting of the Board. You are doubtless going to say that the Bledsoes are not the sort of people who could possibly cause such trouble. The Cromley crowd who have been drinking even more over weekends than usual—perhaps. The Athertons and the rest of that married group who live in that Beaver Hollow development—no douht, but the Bledsoes—certainly not. I know that you will also say, don't under any circumstances antagonize Godfrey Bledsoe because we hope he will help with next year's deficit. This is exactly why the Governors decided that you might care to write him personally instead of our sending him a more formal communication. I may also add, the feeling is unanimous that you should do this, since it was you who were recently most vocal in advising that the facilities of Happy Knoll should be thrown open to young people, and thus it is largely because of you that the Bledsoes used the club last Friday evening for the coming-out party of their daughter, Alicia.

I know you will say that you at least have not forgotten that girls will be girls and boys, boys, and that you can illustrate this by some stories of your own youth and mine which, frankly, are about as outmoded as a T-model Ford. I also recall distinctly how you feel about young Alicia Bledsoe, who is known to her friends as Allie. I recall one afternoon last spring when we were sitting on the terrace by the new bar watching the young people disport themselves on the tennis courts, that your attention was so drawn to Allie Bledsoe that you expressed the wish that girls in our time had dressed more like her, since then the process of natural selection might have gone on in a more unimpeded manner. You then ended your statement by saying she was "well stacked up."

I recall I told you to use the language of your age group and added that the younger generation were becoming a real problem at Happy Knoll. In fact, only that day Old Ned at the bar had suggested that it might be better at the young people's dances to serve young hoys of I5 slender shots of bourbon rather than to let them drink it privately behind the bushes of the parking area. This made you indignant. You said that you also had sampled alcohol when you were I5 and if you were I5 again you would repeat and do a lot more besides. It was a pity, you said, that we had not faced the problems of youth as frankly and fearlessly as young people do today. Also we must never forget that the younger generation is disillusioned and has lost its sense of security.

Frankly, Albert, I am growing a little weary lately of observing the lengths that young people now go in their search for security. I am also tired of hearing about "lost generations." If I remember rightly, this phrase started when a young man from Princeton, named F. Scott Fitzgerald, wrote a novel entitled *This Side of Paradise* in which he revealed that boys and girls, disillusioned by the antiquities of World War I, exchanged furtive embraces in their fathers' limousines. I reread this novel the other day and found it was very pallid stuff. Ask Allie Bledsoe if I am not right, or stay around for a while during one of our Saturday dances at Happy Knoll where Allie and her contemporaries are seeking for security.

Frankly, there was an unusually vigorous search for security at Alicia's coming-out party the other night where the latest lost generation, in striving to find itself, not only hroke plates, glasses and furniture, but stole various mementos. None of us would bother you about this if it had not caused bad feeling and high words among parents who are solid members of the cluh. Naturally high animal spirits should

be discounted and so should a little malicious gossip. I can also agree that our young people today are under a strain of uncertainty, but I only wish they would remember that everyone else is under a similar strain, especially the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club.

The Board resents being blamed for what happened last Friday night. It is not our duty to censor the manners and morals of dancing parties, which should he up to parents. The trouble is that parents also have become demoralized, especially at Happy Knoll. For example, in view of the complaints that were showered upon the Governors regarding events of last Friday night, it was necessary to conduct several purely informal investigations. In the course of these it transpired that several young people, who do not wish their names mentioned, distinctly saw young Willie Atherton enter the Pendleton Room, go to the trophy corner and remove the silver polo mallets from the hands of the interestingly sculptured riders that decorate the top of the urn of the old Gibbs Polo Trophy that was won hy Happy Knoll in 1887. On learning what had become of the polo mallets, we immediately communicated with Willie's father, asking that they be returned. Instead of being cooperative, he was furious, not at his son, but at the Board of Governors for insinuating that Willie should have committed such an act. It was also discovered that young Charlie Cromley stole the memorial portrait of old Jerry Farnsworth in his plus fours from the Pendleton Room. When Cromley Sr. was asked to have it returned, he, too, was furious. (The portrait, in case you are worried, has just been discovered in a drugstore window.) Then there was what is now referred to as "the scene" by the swimming pool which the Board of Governors decided not to investigate at all. Rumor has it that one of the Gridley sisters, whom you have always said were delightful girls, attempted a strip-tease act on the diving board and failed to complete it only because she fell accidently into the water. Simply because of these rumors, Mrs. Gridley, who has always seemed to me formidable, is threatening to sue the Country Club for defamation of character. Bernice, she says, was pushed into the swimming pool by a young man from New Rochelle who should not have been at the party at all. Even so, Bernice did not remove a single stitch of clothing and Mrs. Gridley says that she can prove it.

Well, so it goes. These are only casual samples of a number of curious events that occurred last Friday night. Yet whenever anyone is accused of being concerned with these happenings, it seems that all our young of Happy Knoll are innocent children who scarcely touched a drop of the champagne that Mr. Bledsoe vulgarly offered them. It seems, however, that there were other sinister forces afoot—unidentified young men who crashed the party and in particular a tough and undesirable element from the Hard Hollow Country Club. These individuals, it seems, none of whom can be identified, were responsible for all pilferings and all disorders last Friday.

It was the hope of the Board of Governors that this situation could be unraveled at least slightly and that bills for breakage and damage would be cheerfully shared by various responsible parties. This, it appears, is not to be the case. It seems that your poor friend, Mr. Godfrey Bledsoe, must foot the bill alone, which is going to be unexpectedly heavy. This is why we are asking you to write a letter that will break the news to Mr. Bledsoe pleasantly. The suggested draft I enclose will be useful to you largely because of the information it contains. Please feel free to say what you like, but along these lines and in this spirit:

Dear Godfrey:

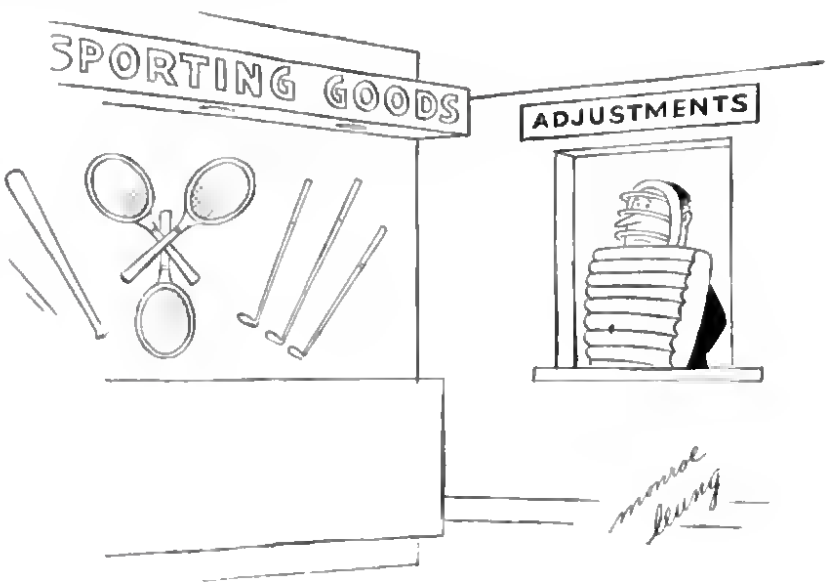
I wish that I might have been with you and Bertha at the Happy Knoll Country Club the other Friday. I hear it was a delightful occasion and you know how partial I am to your Allie. Indeed, like the late Mr. Justice Holmes, I almost find myself saying, oh to be 70 again! As you and Bertha have often heard me remark, boys will be boys and girls will be girls, no matter what steps one takes to prevent it and I believe that Happy Knoll should have the accent of youth and would indeed be a sad place without it.

If the Friday night party got a little out of hand in the hours of the morning after, this was not your fault and should be attributed only to the informality of the times in which we live and after all, what is a country club for if one cannot have fun in it? Your guests were checked from a list at the door; you cut down on the champagne supply at midnight and gave orders that none should be served after 2 a.m.; the club bar itself closed on the stroke of 2 a.m., and old Ned, who has been a loyal Happy Knoll employee ever since the repeal of prohibition, has been through enough merry occasions to warrant your trust in his judgment when he assured you that everything was under control and that you and Mrs. Bledsoe could go home. Old Ned, in making this prediction, could not be everywhere at once. In fact, no one can be everywhere at once at a gay debutante party. There was no reason for you and Mrs. Bledsoe to have known that your party was still continuing at about noon on Saturday. You were still asleep when Mr. Bedard, from the front office, attempted to communicate with the Board of Governors, who invited some of your guests, still in vestiges of their evening clothes, to leave the bar and swimming pool. The Governors want me to assure you that they did this with great reluctance because tolerance is one of our Happy Knoll watchwords.

However, it did seem by then that things had gone far enough. As always happens on such occasions, a few repairs must he made to furnishings and grounds and I am taking the liberty of listing some examples so that you'll not be too surprised when you get a final estimate.

1) Mr. Swivens' electric golfmobile was discovered in the course of the evening by some of your guests, said not to belong to Happy Knoll. It was run over

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONI FRISSELL

MOUNTAINEER'S MECCA:

THE MATTERHORN

by HORACE SUTTON

ZERMATT is a street at the bottom of a valley floor. Some will see it as a greening valley of picturesque and beautiful Swiss scenery. Others as a street of challenge.

At one end of the street is the railroad station, the only way into the valley unless you board a mule. There are no cars because there is no road. And there is little likelihood of a road as long as the will of the Le Chemin-de-fer de Brigue-Viège and Zermatt be done. The B-V and Z has a railroad monopoly. It operates 28 miles of track which are level for the first seven miles, then rise 3,300 feet in the 21-mile stretch between Visp (or Viège) and Zermatt.

Leaning over the street like an overbearing personality is the lean, bare, bony, skyscraping, knee-melting bulk of the Matterhorn, a 14,780-foot rock pyramid that has brought a lingering death from exhaustion to a score who have climbed it too fast, killed well over a hundred climbers outright, including four of the seven who first breached its summit. Less than a hundred years ago mountain peasants hadn't a doubt that it was the world's highest mountain, the home of the spirits who dwelled in the ruins of some metaphysical city at the top of its wave-shaped peak.

Green meadows carpet the sloping valley sides, wall to wall. In season they take on patterns from the Alpine flowers that grow, blue and white and orange, among the reeds of deep green grass. A rushing river, the Mattervisp, trundles north through the village en route to the Rhone, which hurries into the east end of Lake Geneva, then eddies out the west end and surges underground through the Jura until it reappears in France, courses through Lyons and spills finally into the Mediterranean near Marseilles.

Down in the crease of the valley, left and right along the street, are the larchwood chalets toasted tan by the Alpine sun. Tucked away among them are some 2,425 beds set aside for visitors, far more than Zermatt needs to accommodate its own population, which is 1,148.

But although barmaids have done it, a 12-year-old girl did it, an 82-year-old Swiss achieved it, a cat managed it and 1,200 climbers make it every year, you don't have to climb the Matterhorn to enjoy Zermatt. The first hotel was opened by Alexander Seiler, a Swiss soap salesman, in 1855, 10 years before the mountain was conquered and in an era when its eventual ascent was deemed an impossibility. Seiler had come to visit his brother, the Ahhé, but he came away notably impressed with the tourists who visited the valley to pick mountain flowers and net butterflies, two of the more titillating endeavors of the day.

Seiler stayed for 60 years, became a close friend and confidant of the pioneers, a friend of the guides, a mourner of the Matterhorn's dead. Today the Seiler interests own six hotels in and around the crags of the valley, comprising 665 beds. The chain is threatened only by the municipality of Zermatt which itself owns seven hotels and inns with 310 beds. Star of the Seiler chain is the Mont Cervin, a gem of paneled décor and advanced plumbing right in the center of town. It charges about $10 for a room with a view, a private bath and three meals a day. Seiler's Villa Margherita is small and exclusive, its Victoria old and Victorian, and its Monte Rosa, which dates from the first climbing days and adjoins Abbé Seiler's original house, a favorite with climbers.

Like the commune, the Seilers operate a few small inns pasted up among the neighboring mountains which can be reached on foot or by daily mule train. One exception is the Riffelalp at 7,307 feet, which can also be reached by mountain railway, then by an Alpine tram which has one red car.

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THE MATTERHORN, a plume of clouds blowing from its crest, is scanned carefully by Guide Max Julen the day before a climb. Four of seven Julen brothers are guides.

AN ALPINE MEADOW, filled with flowers, greets Marylee Davey and Max and Emil Julen as they start off for a day's practice outing. Their ropes are of American-made nylon.





A GOOD-WEATHER PRAYER opens the mountain-climbing season in the shadow of the Matterhorn. Villagers from Zermatt and pilgrims from around the world make a two-hour climb to the Catholic church at Findelen, praying all the way for good weather and safe climbing for the 200,000 tourists who come each year. Contrary to the best interests of the tourist industry, farmers climb to a church at Platten to pray for rain.



A LIMBERING-UP CLIMB on the 9,600-foot Dufourspitze, a "practice" mountain south of Zermatt, takes Guide Alex Julen and Marylee Davey of Wakefield, R.I., on rock wall 1,200 feet above the Gorner Glacier. Matterhorn hopefuls usually work out on less difficult ascensions for a week before the big climb





IN EUROPE'S HIGHEST HAYFIELD, above Zermatt, Marylee takes it easy after climbing the Matterhorn. She bought her neatly tapered pin-stripe slacks in Nice, wears them with American sneakers, checked shirt and ski parka. Zermatt hay is more desirable than that from lower meadows and each year the entire village turns out to bring it down. Guides carry piles weighing more than 100 pounds to build up their muscles

SPORTING LOOK

IN ZERMATT YOU DRESS TO CLIMB

THE DRESS of the visitor and the inhabitant in Zermatt is as much influenced by the Matterhorn as is the nature of the town itself. The streets are lined with shops selling climbing shoes (about $30 per pair) and all of the paraphernalia of the Alpinist. They are filled with visiting climbers: American GIs in uniform, Frenchmen in shorts too short for the devoutly Catholic Zermatt townsfolk, Austrians in lederhosen, everyone in climbing shoes, almost everyone else in knickers, reinforced at the seat, of durable leather or corduroy, and set off by a pair of hand-knitted socks enlivened by edelweiss and snowflakes. Typical of mountain-climbing enthusiasts is the Viennese gentleman wearing his sturdy leather knickers, designed to last a lifetime, his Loden cloth jacket, his powerful binoculars. The look is seen on the children, who hike through the foothills of the mountains, knapsack on back, Tyrolean hat on head, mountain flowers in hand, as well as on the leather-suited and knickered Austrian climber. It is epitomized by the guide, whose first task once you've hired him is to see that you are also correctly outfitted for your climbing adventure.











GUIDE MAX JULEN displays the equipment *he takes on a Matterhorn ascent. Bottom* row: sunglasses, sun oil, canteen of absinthe, butter can, egg can, metal cup, saucepan, metal tea bag, soap dish, first-aid kit. Second row: map and compass, altimeter, monocular, four pitons, two rings, two 9-foot ropes. Third row: Thermos, canteen, lantern, candle, rock gloves, mittens, small pick, gaiters. Top row: ice ax, crampons, 90-foot nylon rope, rucksack. Julen wears rubber-soled climbing shoes, wool socks, *gabardine knickers, windbreaker,* woolen sweater and shirt. Total cost: about $250.

MATTERHORN, CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE MATTERHORN

continued from page 32

Among the commune's hotels located at the comparatively sane altitude of 5,315 feet, which is to say the mid-town level of Zermatt, is the large and elegant Zermatterhof and the eminently chalet-Swiss Walliserhof. I like to think of the Zermatterhof as elegant because I bear an indelible picture of its *soignée* blue carriage filled with guests, newly acquired at the railroad station, careening through town, its tail-coated concierge standing on the lower step, hanging onto a pair of brass rails at the back door, supremely oblivious of a large herd of goats ambling and tinkling its way up the town's single street.



A HORSEDRAWN TAXI brings visitors from the railway station to the Mont Cervin, Zermatt's oldest hotel. There are no cars in Zermatt because there are no roads.

No matter where you stay at night you will almost surely be able to come by the fruits of the Valais, a Swiss canton nearly one-fifth covered by glacial ice. On real estate not frosted over, the Valaisans produce some eminent wines, among them Montiheux and Fendant. On the soil that's left they grow apricots and strawberries, dispatching a planeload of berries to England daily during the season.

At the slightest excuse, and sometimes with none at all, they will whip up a *raclette*, a dish made from a block of dry and aged Valaisan cheese you would think fire wouldn't melt. But it does, all right, and the melted part is stripped from the block, doused in red pepper and served with boiled potatoes. The idea of the red pepper, I have come with hard experience to discover, is to increase the consumption of Valais wines. A man with a *raclette* on his plate, another waiting in the oven and a dedicated Valaisan at his elbow to shill, will shortly discover not only the potatoes are boiled.

As for the daylight hours, those who would merely gasp at a mountain from awe rather than exertion can take the Blauherd chair lift, a two-seater conveyance which will lift you sideways over the forests to the Sunnegga restaurant at the 7,500-foot level. Walks stretch in all directions.

One of the best trips in the Alps is the open-air Gornergrat Railway which from mid-December to early October ratchets its way in about half an hour to the 10,300-foot level. From the terrace of the small hotel, with its brightly colored chairs, tables and umbrellas, there is a fantastic, almost unreal view of the great peaks, the Monte Rosa, the Breithorn, the Dent Blanche and the Matterhorn itself lofting their rocky heads from the white glacial seas.

For those who remain in Zermatt long enough for the Matterhorn to become a challenge, there are about a hundred accredited guides in Zermatt, and the price for conveying you up (and, preferably, back) over the usual route is about $35.

Climbers usually depart about noon of the first day, walk to the hut on the mountain shoulder in about five hours, then stay in the hut overnight—a matter of $5 for you and $2 for your guide. You spring for both. At dawn you head for the rocks, remembering the official brochure disseminated by the Swiss: "The Matterhorn is a favorite of mountain climbers . . . stone slides, icy mountain slopes, storms, thunder and lightning increase the dangers of ascent considerably."

It takes from four to five hours to reach the summit, another four or five hours to return. Filled with aches and elation, you will be reaching for a drink in Zermatt in the early evening hours of the second day.

Although 2,500 climbers scaled the Matterhorn in 1947, the peak's peak year, no one seriously considered climbing the mountain before 1860. Fifteen tries were recorded in the four years that followed, most of them from the Italian side. One of the climbers was an English artist named Edward Whymper who, up to 1860, had never really seen a sizable mountain. Commissioned by a London publisher to make sketches of some Alpine climbs, he caught the fever.

Half the recorded tries between 1861 and 1865 were made by him. On one exploratory trip he slipped on the Matterhorn. Later he was able to say this about it: "I whirled downwards in a series of bounds . . . now over ice, now into rocks, each striking my head four or five times with increased force. The last bound sent me spinning through



CONGRATULATIONS on scaling Matterhorn are given Oscar Kolb by guide.

the air in a leap of 50 or 60 feet . . . I struck the rocks [illegible] the whole of my left [illegible] The impact tore my clothes for a moment, and I fell back into the snow which [illegible] arrested . . . the crash of the [illegible] which I had started—as they fell into the glacier told how narrow had been the escape. As it was, I fell nearly 200 feet in seven or eight bounds. The rocks could not be let go of for a moment and the blood was spurting out of more than 20 cuts . . . and I vainly tried to close them with one hand, whilst holding on with the other. It was useless; the blood jerked out in blinding jets at each pulsation. At last, in a moment of inspiration, I kicked out a big lump of snow, and stuck it as a plaster on my head . . . then scrambling up, I got . . . to a place of safety and fainted dead away."

A week later Whymper was back on the mountain. And on July 13, 1865 Whymper and a party of six climbed the Matterhorn. Their success ended in disaster when four of the seven fell to their death during the descent in one of the most famous of mountaineering tragedies.

For the thousand or more climbers who follow Whymper's pioneering footsteps every year, down in the green valley of Zermatt—one out of four a woman, one out of many a child, one out of all an octogenarian—there are no trophies. The commune issues no certificates. For the climbers there is only that sense of inner satisfaction. And continued life. END



SILHOUETTED AGAINST A GLACIER MARYLEE DAVEY AND HER TWO GUIDES CLIMB RIFFELHORN



EXHAUSTION [illegible] Oklahoman Forrest Darmuth [illegible] climb



HANDCLASP from Max Julen at the end of her ascent makes Marylee Davey [illegible] mile



PAT ON THE BACK comes to Life Arlin Knight who climbed mountain in 5½ hours.


SALTY II



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAY LEVITON

FISHING'S ZANIEST RODEO

In Alabama's annual seagoing jamboree anglers may win anything from a shirt to a down payment on a car

by EMMETT GOWEN

FOR THREE HOT, glorious days beginning on July 29th the waters of lower Mobile Bay and the nearby Gulf of Mexico adjacent to this bit of Alabama coastline will see a flotilla of fishing boats such as have never plied the area before. The occasion will be another gala running of the Alabama Deep Sea Fishing Rodeo, inaugurated in 1929 and believed to be oldest of its kind in the country.

For 26 years the rodeo's headquarters have been on Dauphin Island at the foot of the bay, an elongated strip of piney woods, dunes and beaches which until recently was inhabited by only a few fishing families. This year a bridge was completed connecting the island to the mainland, so the Mobile Junior Chamber of Commerce will not, as in all previous years, have to load a barge with field-kitchen equipment, cots and mosquito netting, light plant and intercom system, ice and beverages for the 27-mile trip to ancient, abandoned Fort Gaines; it will send the stuff by truck. Actually, not so much of this equipment will be needed this year because of new facilities on the island, though plenty of well-used camping necessities will be there for the day-boat fishermen and the outboarders.

Last year 308 boats anchored at Dauphin Island and were thus right on their fishing grounds, a difference between this rodeo and all others, according to Alex Lankford, president. This does not, however, mean that it is a safe anchorage. Fishing adventure, not safety, is what Mobile anglers strive for. Last year, just at dusk, while the day's entries were being judged, a squall came up from the north, the worst old-timers had ever seen. The violent weather sank one cruiser, rolled 14 up onto the beach and blew one out to sea, dragging its anchor,

continued on next page

FIGHTING TARPON, the largest caught in last year's rodeo, is engaged by Bubber Norden who took over the struggle from an ailing friend, as a result had to disqualify catch.

TARPON RODEO

continued from page 41

before its owner could get back aboard. It looked like a marine disaster but was accepted with bemusement as just a mood of the Gulf.

The dates of the rodeo are picked for a season when days of hot bronze sunlight may be expected on water slick and green and teeming with fish feeding on bait species coming down the bay with the outgoing tide. Mobile is blessed with wonderful fishing. The rodeo pays for itself in entrance fees of $10 per participant. Business firms donate the prizes, and presumably receive adequate return in newspaper publicity. The more items a businessman donates, the more often his name appears publicly.

A REMARKABLE CATCH

How far this can be carried is illustrated by a remarkable event of last year's rodeo. There is always a prize for the largest sailfish, although one is seldom caught in that part of the Gulf. Last year the boat *Sportsman*, owned and *captained by Earl Bryant, had 10* anglers out on one of the week-long fishing voyages upon which the vessel embarks every week. This voyage overlapped with the rodeo, so the customers paid their fees and entered. One of the anglers aboard was Frank Samford Sr. of Birmingham. Samford's whole fishing day was filled with the unusual.

First, Samford booked a bonito, on the bottom, mind you, fishing with cut bait for red snappers. Then, by some angling oddity, a second bonito got its tail half-hitched onto the line. So Samford decided to fish for bonito on the surface, where this fast fish lives and belongs. Using a mackerel-sized hook he got hold of a 200-pound shark which amazingly struck an artificial lure on the surface. Samford played it a while before it broke off. Okay, then, he would fish for sharks. He put a white trout on a large hook, no sinker, and let it drift away from the boat. He fed line out. He felt a tap. He fed more line. He felt a strike. He hauled back and hooked a sailfish. He fought and whipped it, and Slim, the mate of the *Sportsman*, gaffed it (an indignity to a sailfish, but Slim had no previous experience as a billfish mate). It was strange sailfishing, but it had worked, so now the *Sportsman* went to floating dead white trout at the end of lines, trying to catch another. So what happened, and to whom? Samford caught a 750-pound shark.

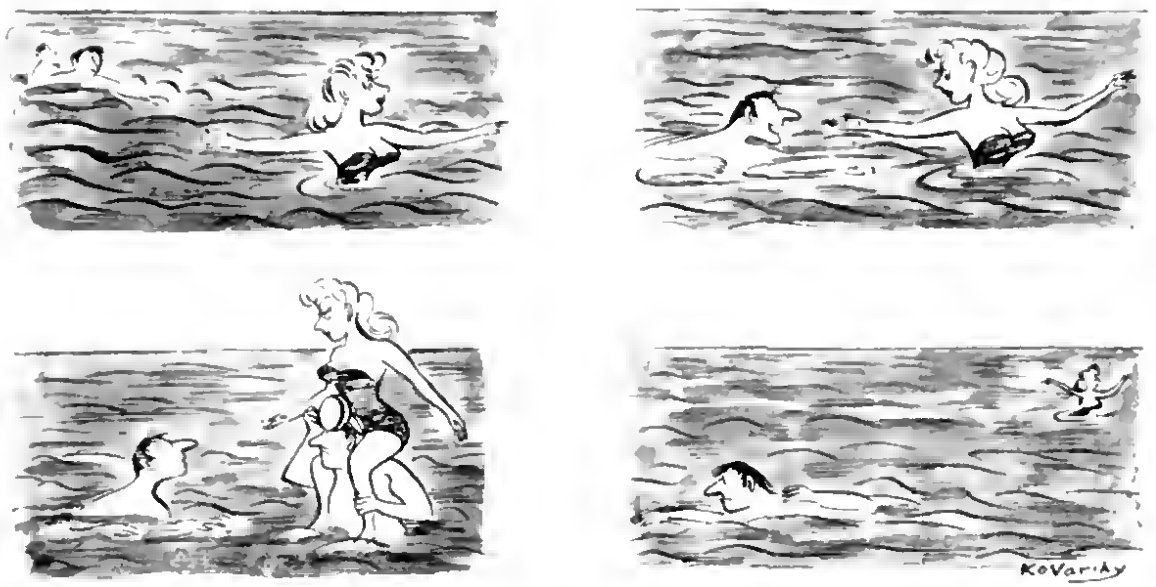
There are prizes for everything, and enough of them that a prize may be won by nearly anything. Then there are titles to be awarded, such as King Fisherman or King Fisherette. Samford, by winning in the most classes (sailfish, bonito and shark), became King Fisherman, an honor which in *itself carried the award of merchan*dise. His winnings were a recapping of a set of tires, a bed, an ashtray, a down payment on a Ford, a pair of pants, a shirt, a pair of shoes, a record player, a cookie assortment, a chrome smoking stand, a folding chair, an assortment of lures and a down payment on a truck.

The Gulf of Mexico is a beautiful sea. To be there fishing—prizes or no prizes—is enough. The coastal fishermen chat gaily over the radio telephone all day while they fish. Everybody listens to all the conversations for amusement and fishing hints. Thus, during the rodeo, a remark about a catch will cause boats to converge from everywhere upon a certain spot. Say a tarpon is seen to swirl up in the bay. It is remarked, and here the boats come, from up the sound toward Petit Bois Pass or from over the horizon out past Sand Island Light.

Then John Curtis Bush, famed as the area's greatest tarpon angler, may remark: "No tarpon here. There are so many boats they would run the tarpon off. Why, the outboard skiffs are floating around up here like lily pads."

So the boats turn around. Many of them make for the "tide line." This is a favorite place to troll, a line of distinct demarcation along the meeting of coastal water and the deep-blue Gulf water. It comes in close sometimes, according to tidal variations, or again it may be 15 to 20 miles out. Dolphin and king mackerel inhabit it. Cobia lurk under items of flotsam. The outboard rigs venture out there too, more and more of them every year. The popularity of being captain of your own vessel, however tiny, is strong here, for Mobile's anglers are of a city of sea*going tradition, and will boldly put* out into the Gulf in any kind of a boat.

Big yachts compete, notably a 63-footer out of New Orleans owned by E. V. Richards of Paramount Theatres Inc. In 1954 this and smaller vessels sailed as far as 80 miles out into the Gulf, with radio conversations indicating that they felt they were exploring for great new big-game fishing. This class of boat didn't do well, but hopes are high for finding big-game grounds this year. After all, the Fish and Wildlife Service research vessel *Oregon* has been bringing in fabulous stuff—tuna, mako, marlin, sailfish—from out there.



There's a good chance some yacht owner will win, say, a washing machine.

Fort Morgan, across the bay to the east from Dauphin Island, has a stake in the glory of the rodeo, for Fort Morgan, until the newly arrived era of the bridge, was the closest point attainable by land. Thus, last year rodeo participants bought at Fort Morgan 5,000 gallons of gas with which to pursue fish and 10,000 pounds of ice to keep them. Many participants simplify things by staying at the Fort Morgan Inn and running back and forth across the bay to rodeo headquarters to take in their fish and cargo away their prizes, which cover practically every species.

A GREAT TARPON AREA

The rodeo—often called the tarpon rodeo despite its official name—would be an incongruity without a tarpon. Mobile Bay has been one of the great tarpon places, although for the past two years they have not been plentiful. In 1954 it looked for a time as if there would be no tarpon entry—none was caught until the last day.

But around the point at Fort Morgan the outgoing tide forms a riffle, and at the right moment anglers can see tarpon swirling everywhere, beneath a cloud of screaming gulls and diving pelicans. The tarpon become so wildly excited that they actually bump into the sides of boats. Undoubtedly this spot will be more carefully watched this year than it was during the 1954 rodeo. When the tarpon appeared off the point that time, the whole regatta was converging on a tarpon sighted up in Bon Secour Bay. The only man at the riffle was Jack Gaines, in an outboard rig, fishing for tarpon for the first time. He lost the only one he hooked.

The first prize for tarpon in 1954 was taken by Tony Patrick, 13, fishing aboard the *Gypsy X* out of Destin, Fla. The biggest tarpon was caught aboard the *Salty II*, charterboat owned by Raz Crenshaw, but it was disqualified because it took two anglers to whip it—G. F. Monteal, who hooked it and got a Charley horse, and M. A. (Bubber) Norden, who took over and endured to the end.

Bubber Norden disqualified the fish himself, an act which made him hero and star of the rodeo. His moral stature was broadcast in telephone conversations throughout the radio community and then was picked up by the Mobile papers. They gave Bubber's sportsmanship a page-one play and a recording of the affair went on a CBS hookup from coast to coast, which was a pleasant way to end the rodeo. END

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

SO—season opened (or opens); **SC**—season closed (or closes) **C**—clear water **D**—water dirty or roily **M**—water muddy **N**—water at normal height; **SH**—slightly high, **H**—high **VH**—very high; **L**—low **R**—rising; **F**—falling **WT50**—water temperature 50°. **FG**—fishing good; **FF**—fishing fair, **FP**—fishing poor. **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair, **OP**—outlook poor.

BLACK BASS: TENNESSEE: D. L. Hayes of Leitchfield, Ky. recently caught world's record smallmouth (11 pounds, 15 ounces) in Dale Hollow Reservoir. State biologenius proclaimed fish 13 years of age. Was 27 inches long with 21¾ inch bust. Good catches reported last week on Cherokee, Douglas and Ft. Loudoun lakes. Fish apparently coming in later than usual with **WT** reaching ideal level. **OG.**

PENNSYLVANIA: Lady vacationer at Lake Edinboro, Erie County seeking fish dinner brought in largemouth that dropped local jaws. Alerted warden hustled to scene, wept when he found headless fish dressed for pan. Estimated length, 28 inches; weight, 10 pounds—possible Pa. record. Conneaut Lake still hot spot, with softshells and worm-spinner combo best by day; buga over weed beds fine at night. Fishing generally slow in central part as streams are **L** and almost boiling. Juniata **WT** has been 89.

MISSOURI: Lake of the Ozarks (Niangua region) **C, N,** but **WT** up. **FF** and **OF.** Tunnel Dam Lake, **C, N** and some success on top water lures.

NEW YORK: Thousand Islands, Chautauqua, Ashokan and Adirondacks all report prime fishing with **OG.**

MAINE: Belgrade reports one of its best bass years.

MUSKELLUNGE: Ontario: Troll the French River at dusk. Fish plentiful but not outsized. Lake Nipissing **FG, OG.**

NEW YORK: Lake Chautauqua muskies have been off their feed past week but **OG.**

WISCONSIN: Action slowed by hot weather although fish are still around weed beds, on the bars and along shore lines. Lots raised but unhooked in Chippewa River flowage. 40-pounder taken in Lac Vieux Desert on underwater artificial. **N,** but need rain.

MICHIGAN: But in Lake St. Clair last week the muskies were still biting like perch.

TROUT: NEW YORK: Catskill and Adirondack scouts reported you had to be wise, patient, durable and able to fling a #16 last week in order to catch any trout. **OP** until a good rain.

NEW MEXICO: Don't expect good fishing in streams under 8,000 feet until hot weather moderates, but up there **OG** on dry flies.

PENNSYLVANIA: Spentwing Adamses in some of the deeper pools on Licking Creek are picking up some big brownies. Light Cahills are taking by Boiling Springs on the Yellow Breeches but generally **FP.** Allegheny Forest and tier at standstill until rain except on headwaters **SC** 31st.

OREGON: Snow still running off in western streams, **H,** with Santiam, McKenzie and Upper Willamette producing **F** to **G** on evening dry flies and on wets and nymphs in afternoon. Deschutes and Metolius rivers **F** to **G** on flies midday and late afternoon. Lower Deschutes now yielding a few summer steelheads in 5-pound class on spinning lures.

ONTARIO: 17½-pound wendigo (see SI, July 11) caught by Gordon Thomas of Sandfield in Manitou River. Despite **WT68** it's possible to take limit of speckled ones from Spring Bay Creek on Manitoulin.

MONTANA: Streams **C** and almost **N,** Madison lowest and trout taking wet and dry. Yellowstone **H** but good; Gallatin, **VG** also North and Middle Fork Flathead, Blackfoot. Hot weather has hit, making lakes poorer but Wade and Flathead reported good, former on flies latter trolling. Yellowstone Park rivers tapering off.

CALIFORNIA: Northern area and central Sierra region best bets: Trinity River, tributaries clear, many limits on flies, some steelhead; McCloud River headwaters; Shasta Lake, deep trolling. North Fork of American near summer flow minimum, **OVG.** Truckee River, its tributaries and Lake Tahoe, **FG, OG.** East slope fishing again led by West Walker with lunkers taking spinners and big wet flies in the Coleville area. Evening fly-fishing from shores of Grant Lake producing nice browns and rainbows mostly on Professor and Captain. Streams in upper Convict Creek basin and Mammoth Creek producing easy limits of brookies to hikers and parties packed in. Saddlebag Lake off Tioga Pass road to Yosemite, **VG.** Crowley Lake has had best fishing for big trout in many years. **SC** July 31.

WASHINGTON: Week's pistol-hot excitement is north end of Ross Lake, reached only by private logging road down from Hope, B.C., open to public use from 9 p.m. Friday to 5 a.m. Monday. Casting from logging debris on shore, zealots are taking limits of rainbows to 20 inches in less than two hours on spinners and cherry bobbers. Get out early before wind riffles lake and, for Pete's sake, don't forget mosquito dope.

IDAHO: Priest Lake excellent for cutthroats on brown bivisibles. Mackinaws and Dolly Vardens up to 20 pounds taking plugs. Silver Doctor best on Clearwater near Boehl's cabin. Payette Lake **FF,** and Little Salmon River good in New Meadows area. Stone fly and wood worms best bait. Silver Creek **FG** for good fly casters. Lost River watershed, **G;** Magic Reservoir, **F;** Jarbridge River near the Hot Hole, **VG,** dries. Mink and Cottonwood creeks best in eastern Idaho. **FP** in Crowders and Chesterfield reservoirs. Snake excellent.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: **FF** to excellent for Kamloops on spinning gear and trolling in most interior lakes but fly-fishermen must look for sport above 3,500 feet. Fly-fishing fair for coast trout in the Campbells, Comox, Cameron, Great Central and Shawnigan. Steelheads not hot yet.

PACIFIC SALMON: OREGON: Salmon mooching on coast **VG** at Coos Bay, Winchester, Florence, Yaquina Ray and Depoe Bay. **OG.**

CALIFORNIA: Trollers in skiffs taking many limits of chinooks between 30-40 pounds off Tomales Bay. Surprising pickup in trolling off Golden Gate. Biggest schools two miles due east of Farallones.

WASHINGTON: **OP** on Skagit for kings until river settles. Silvers, 6 to 12, plentiful in sound on herring strips, light tackle and mooching. Best spot, north shore of Orcas Island.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: 30-pound or better spring salmon being recorded from Browns Bay, off Campbell River and April Point, Saanich Inlet and Sechelt. Fishing for local silvers has quieted for the moment but should improve.

STRIPED BASS: RHODE ISLAND: **FG** along Narragansett shores, mainly by trolling with sea worms and spinner rigs.

MASSACHUSETTS: Only good surf casting on tip of Cape from Race Point around to Nauset Light on night tides.

NEW JERSEY: Fair surf fishing last week from Highlands through Bradley Beach, particularly at Long Branch with calico crabs and rigged eels. But blues got most of the attention.

BLUEFISH: NEW JERSEY: Excellent chumming and trolling along edge of Mud Hole with fish averaging 5 and up to 10. Fish are biting around the clock and 50 or more boats are active in the area all the time. Surf **OF.**

RHODE ISLAND: Fishing developing steadily, particularly along Matunuck shore. Blues are feeding on abundant sand eels and are mostly taken trolling.

MASSACHUSETTS: Some action from trolling near Hyannis with fish up to 8 pounds taking feathers in daytime. First blues of season seen in Cape Cod Bay.

MOTOR SPORTS

by JOHN BENTLEY

IN THE AINTREE GRAND PRIX MERCEDES PROVES THAT IT HAS THE BEST RACING CAR AND THE BEST RACING TEAM IN THE WORLD

MERCEDES-BENZ, in this fourth year of its postwar resurrection, has become to motor racing what Rocky Marciano is to heavyweight boxing—a seemingly invincible combination of tremendous stamina and superb preparedness. This was proved once more, and conclusively, at Liverpool's Aintree Course last Saturday when the trim, silver cars from West Germany, with Stirling Moss in the lead, scooped the eighth British Grand Prix in the first quadruple victory in Grand Prix history.

For Moss it was a personal triumph, the realization of a lifelong ambition: his first Grand Prix conquest. It was a dramatic grandstand finish, too, as Moss, leader by a hair-thin margin for 80 laps, swept across the line one-fifth of a second ahead of his Argentinian teammate Fangio; and the 150,000 Britons pyramided around the track forgot all their reserve as they burst through the barriers to congratulate their national hero. It came almost as an afterthought that, with Kling third and Taruffi fourth, the German team had also broken Ferrari's five-year monopoly on the checkered flag for this top-drawer British event.

Aintree is a brutally hard circuit on engines, a destructive acceleration battle with only brief breathing spells in fourth speed. Said Moss: "I must have changed gears 2,000 times for those 90 laps." What this did to the rest of the field is evident from the fact that only nine of the 24 starters lasted the race, and of the Italian, British and French opposition, only one Maserati finished in good shape, tailing the fourth Mercedes by nearly two minutes.

For the start, Moss held the pole position with the fastest practice lap—89.70 mph. Fangio, two-tenths of a second slower, was beside him, then Behra with the 250F Maserati. Kling and Taruffi shared the second row, and in the third were the Maseratis of Mieres and Simon, with Schell's fuel-injection British Vanwall between them.

From the start, Mercedes held the lead and it was a two-way battle between Moss and Fangio all the way. Fangio, in No. 10, led for two laps, harried by Moss in No. 12 and a close-packed field. On lap three Moss passed him, holding first position until the 18th lap when the Argentinian world champion again went ahead. On the 26th lap, Moss took command once more to stay ahead until the checkered flag. Behra's Maserati, just ahead of Kling and Taruffi but 10 seconds behind the leaders, staged a valiant battle for third place until the ninth lap, when it stopped in a cloud of smoke.

The Maseratis of Mieres and Musso got by Taruffi's Mercedes, but on lap 48 Mieres quit with piston trouble. Try as he might, Musso could make no impression on Kling, who in turn was one minute 10 seconds behind the two leaders at the halfway mark. Finally, on lap 55, Taruffi after many tries repassed Musso and gradually pulled away, completing the Mercedes quartet. Veteran "Silver Fox" Taruffi's performance was magnificent. Clad in his perennial blue pullover, getting dirtier every lap, handling a car he had never driven until the day before, on a course unfamiliar to him, he clung grimly to fourth spot, one lap behind.

The works Ferraris of Trintignant, Hawthorn and Castellotti were disappointing. Castellotti, never higher than eighth, retired on lap 18 with transmission trouble. Trintignant, seventh on lap 61, blew a cylinder-head gasket. Hawthorn, cooked by the sun's rays filtering through his visor, was seventh when he handed over to Castellotti on the 47th lap. This car eventually finished sixth, three laps behind the leaders. The Gordinis of Ramos and Manzon, hopelessly outclassed, both retired early, leaving Sparken's lame Gordini to struggle on to the end.

Fangio's smile was a trifle wan as the bouquets were handed out. Said he in his voluble Spanish: "My congratulations to Moss. He is a wonderful driver. I had a lot of fun following him." To which Moss, who took the laurels at 86.47 mph and set a new lap record at 89.70 mph, sportingly retorted: "If Fangio had tried a little harder, things might have been very different."

The 17-lap 51-mile sports car race preceding the Grand Prix was an all-British affair which drew 22 entries. After the third lap, when Salvadori, Collins, Parnell and Walker in turn each got by Mike Hawthorn's D-type Jaguar, it also become an all Aston-Martin affair. In fact, the stalwart Aston-Martins had no trouble in eventually disposing altogether of the three D-Jaguars driven by Hawthorn, Titterington and Berry. Peter Collins, first to tackle Hawthorn on Becher's bend, put up the fastest lap at 83.33 mph. Roy Salvadori's winning speed was 81.32 mph. Only 1.7 seconds separated the first three cars.

There were 30 starters in the opening event, also of 51 miles, for 500-cc Formula 3 machines; and the blip of their exhausts, garlanded around the course, sounded like a field day for noisemakers. Russell's Cooper-Norton, which passed Lewis Evans' similar car on lap seven, went on to win a hard-fought battle and set a new lap record of 79.53 mph. Fergusson in another Cooper-Norton was third, some distance behind. The leaders lapped the field at half-distance and Russell clocked a sizzling 78.19 mph. END



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BASEBALL

by ROBERT CREAMER

MILWAUKEE IS A REAL BASEBALL TOWN, AND THIS YEAR THE ALL-STAR WAS A REAL BASEBALL GAME. JUST ASK THE PLAYERS

THE MOST CHEERFUL thing about last week's All-Star Game in Milwaukee was the city of Milwaukee itself. The city named each year as the site of baseball's big game is chosen according to a rather ramshackle order of succession and not, usually, for any particular merit in the actual year of selection. Baseball players are chosen that way, but not cities. Nevertheless, Milwaukee managed to convey the impression that it was picked as host for this year's All-Star Game because it was, on its record, the best of all possible choices for the honor.

For Milwaukee is a baseball town, by far the best in the major leagues. Baseball there is part of the civic personality, just as theaters are in New York, and motion pictures are in Los Angeles and culture used to be in Boston. It's as personal a part of the town as beer, and the Milwaukee Braves are, with the breweries, part of Milwaukee's civic pride.

Milwaukeeans don't *really* act foolish about the Braves. But they *are* fond of them. And there are some things that ring of midsummer madness: a fan or two with a clanking cowbell or a shrieking siren, an occasional automobile with "Milwaukee Braves" written in reflecting tape across the bumper, an advertisement in a gasoline station with a postscript: "Go get 'em, Braves!" There is also at least one big welcome-to-the city sign that refers to Milwaukee as "the land of the free and the home of the Braves."

But this is just fun. Under it and over it and beyond it is the impressive fact that everywhere you go people talk baseball. Baseball, like the weather, is part of the atmosphere. It serves to make going to a baseball game a real pleasure.

You could feel this in County Stadium during the All-Star Game. There was red-white-and-blue bunting on the fences, and a band playing, and hundreds of reporters and photographers assembled from all over the country. Here and there were celebrities hanging on the fringe of the crowd. It was just like the first game of a World Series, but with one major exception: the crowd knew its baseball.

You know how a World Series crowd is. Tickets seem to find their way into special hands. Many of the people who end up at the game are pleasant enough, but they tend to be sedate and neither knowing nor excited. They act as if all this were interesting and probably important, but they never seem quite sure what to cheer for.

Well, at Milwaukee last week the crowd was pleasant enough too, but it was not sedate (it was loudly pro-National League and anti-Baseball Writer, particularly those writers who were blocking the view of home plate during batting practice). It knew precisely what to cheer for and did so vigorously. You've probably heard that Milwaukee crowds are "Ladies Day crowds," meaning that they'll cheer wildly and indiscriminately at anything, even foul balls. Don't be misled. This crowd yelled with unrestrained enthusiasm but, except for some disproportionately loud cheers for the Milwaukee players, they yelled at the right places and for the right things. It was a knowing, enthusiastic baseball crowd and it certainly helped to make the game the success it was.

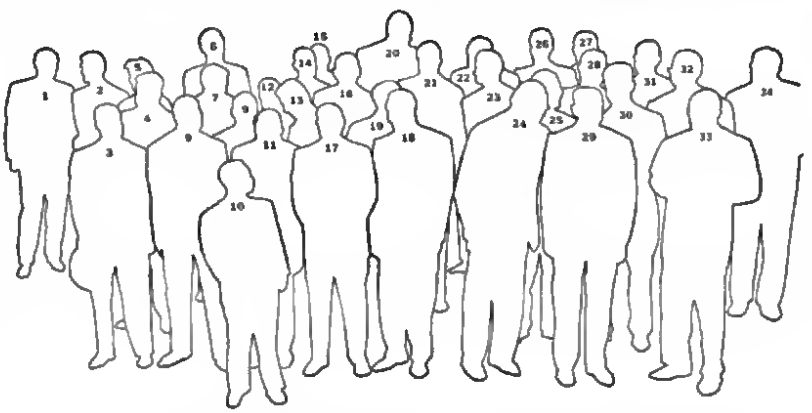
Perhaps it was the crowd that was responsible for another cheerful thing: the fun the players themselves seemed to get out of the game. Many respected authorities, including our own Red Smith (SI, July 11), hold to a theory that the All-Star Game is a dreary duty for everybody but the fans, that the ballplayers just go through the motions and can't wait for the thing to be over. This has been true in the past and may be true again in the future, but it wasn't last week.

"I tell you, they were like college kids," Leo Durocher said in the clubhouse after the game. "Yelling and jumping up and down the bench. They wanted to win. They weren't fooling around." He spoke for the National League, but the American League was equally keyed up.

BROADWAY STARE

Ted Williams bounced around before the game like the small boy he always seems to be when he has a bat in his hands. When he wasn't hitting in batting practice himself he was watching others hit, never missing a thing. Surrounded by reporters, holding six conversations at once, Williams moved his head like an ever-alert bird, here, there, everywhere, talking, smiling, nodding, but always, whenever the batting-practice pitcher threw and the ball approached the plate, turning to watch

KEY TO GROUP PICTURE ON PAGES 26-27



1. Lloyd Mangrum; 2. Max Elbin (golf pro, Burning Tree CC); 3. Ford Frick; 4. Gene Tunney; 5. Ruth Hirschland (physical fitness researcher); 6. William Woodward Jr.; 7. Kevin McCann (Presidential assistant); 8. Jack Kramer; 9. Dr. Hans Kraus (professor, New York University); 10. Maj. Sammy Lee; 11. Archie Moore; 12. Barbara Romack; 13. Ralph Guglielmi; 14. Isaac Grainger (president, USGA); 15. Billy Joe Patton; 16. Kenneth Wilson; 17. the President; 18. Harry Moffitt (president, PGA); 19. Willie Mays; 20. Bill Russell; 21. John Schiff (president, Boy Scouts of America); 22. Mal Whitfield; 23. Jack Fleck; 24. Hank Greenberg; 25. Norbert Schemansky; 26. Wes Santee; 27. Tony Trabert; 28. Eddie Erdelatz; 29. John B. Kelly; 30. Bob Cousy; 31. Gov. Howard Pyle; 32. Sen. James Duff; 33. Jack Kelly Jr.; 34. Earl Blaik.

the hatter follow through on his swing.

He batted against Steve Gromek in practice, with poor success.

"Man, I never could hit him!" he growled. He paced around behind the batting cage and glinted his eyes in at broad young Mickey Mantle. Mantle fouled one into the dirt.

"He's tough to hit, hey, Mick!" Williams gibed.

Mantle swung again and drove the hall high and far into the right-field seats. He came out of the cage and walked back towards the dugout and as he did he looked over at Williams like a little boy at his big brother and smiled cockily. Williams grinned. Later, in the first inning, after Mantle had hit his immensely high and long home run over the center-field fence, Williams, who had been on base, waited for him and gave him a delighted little poke in the ribs, as if to say that's the way to do it!

When Stan Musial hit his game-winning home run in the 12th inning Willie Mays, who was waiting to bat next, went high on his toes in anticipation as the ball sailed towards the fence. When it cleared it he gave a little leap and then turned to greet Musial at the plate. The rest of the National League players flowed off the bench and up to the plate to join him. Leo Durocher leaned way over until his face was only inches from the ground, watching home plate intently until Musial, his quiet face split into a great, wide smile, stepped on it. Musial was surrounded, clobbered on head and back, hugged, lifted, and escorted gaily off the field.

Willie Mays, who seemed just a little disappointed at the loss of another turn at bat, followed wistfully behind. Don Newcombe, the Brooklyn Dodger pitcher who had worked the seventh inning for the National League and who had since showered and was now dressed in slacks and a sport jacket, put a huge arm around Willie, hugged him and ran with him after the crowd.

Inside the clubhouse, as they dressed slowly after the initial excitement had died down, the players rehashed the high points of the game: Mantle's homer, Musial's homer, Pierce's pitching, Nuxhall's pitching, Conley's pitching, Kluszewski's fine all-round play, Mays's catch, Schoendienst's great play on Berra.

Schoendienst, listening to the talk, said to Gil Hodges, "Why can't we have a team like this in the league?"

Hodges smiled quietly.

"Boy, if we did, I'd sure like to be on it," he said. END

INSIDE BASEBALL

by PAUL RICHARDS

WALKING A MAN ON PURPOSE IS NIGH BASEBALL STRATEGY. YOU CAN EVEN PUT THE WINNING RUN ON BASE IF YOU ARE CAREFUL ABOUT TNE OOOS

PART VII: THE INTENTIONAL PASS

AMONG the most debated and second-guessed plays in baseball is the intentional pass. A sports announcer I know claims it's never good baseball. According to him the hatter purposely passed scores too many times. I will agree that the intentional pass is a dangerous gamble. But it is a gamble that a manager must make at times.

The one "perfect" time for the intentional walk comes in the last of the ninth inning, with the winning run in scoring position for the opposing team. With a runner on third and less than two out, it's almost mandatory that a manager employ this strategy. If walking the first batter brings to the plate a weaker hitter, so much the better.

Most managers also accept the practice of issuing a base on balls to the eighth-place batter if a runner is in scoring position—to get at the pitcher. A good many times this is questionable strategy, because of the obvious advantage for the defense to have the pitcher lead off the following inning. A lot of course depends on just how good a hitter is in the eighth slot, and on the batting ability of the pitcher. Sometimes, too, the manager will order a base on balls to the eighth-place hitter in an attempt to force the opposing manager to remove a certain pitcher.

Larry (Yogi) Berra, a master of catching strategy, employs another intentional pass maneuver quite often. With the runners on first and third, or perhaps first and second, Berra will be extra careful in having his pitcher deal with a certain hitter, even if it results in a base on balls. His reasoning: o *bose on balls does not score any runs, but a solid base hit could put the game beyond recall.*

Setting up a double play represents another reason often advanced to justify use of the intentional pass. With a right-handed pitcher it's undoubtedly good logic to pass the rough left-handed batter to get to a right-hander of lesser ability. Ordinarily, you'll find it easier to double the right-hand batter, particularly if he is a pull hitter.

The most controversial of all intentional passes involves putting the tying and or winning run on base. It's axiomatic that this should never be done, but I have personally looked back many times and wished I *hod* done it.

Admittedly the odds must be heavily in your favor when you order the tying run to first. And they must be *orerwhelmingly* on your side when you decide the time has come to put the winning run on base. The maneuver is highly dangerous.

An example: In Detroit in 1954, Boston had a runner on second with two out. The hitter was Ted Williams on a hot streak and in his favorite park. Ted represented the tying run as he came up in the eighth inning. Manager Fred Hutchinson took the big gamble and ordered Pitcher Ned Garver to walk Ted. Jackie Jensen picked on Garver's next pitch and sent it screaming into the upper deck at Briggs Stadium for a three-run homer.

An even more costly example occurred in the famous fourth game of the 1947 World Series when Yankee Pitcher Floyd Bevens came within one out of baseball's first and only no-hit World Series performance.

The Yankees held a 2-1 lead over the Brooklyn Dodgers as the game moved into the last half of the ninth. With two away and Al Gionfriddo on first and the count three and one on Pistol Pete Reiser, Gionfriddo stole second.

At this point, Yankee manager Stanley (Bucky) Harris ordered Reiser passed. Eddie Stanky was due up next. This meant putting the potential winning run on base. One of the most dramatic games in World Series history ended suddenly on Bevens' second pitch, as Cookie Lavagetto thundered a double off the right field wall to score both runners and win the game.

A good lesson for any manager can he learned from these stories. If you are convinced you are making the correct move after calculating the risks involved, you must have the courage to act in spite of adverse criticism and rampant second-guessing.

The tying or winning run has been put on base many times by various managers. Unfortunately, we seldom hear of the times it proves a wise maneuver. Only the strategy that backfires gets the spotlight—but managers have to expect that. END

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

THE PINKY IN THE RED SOX BOOT

by AL HIRSHBERG

Mike Higgins, fifth Boston Manager in nine years, is defying the pessimists as his young Sox kick up their heels in the hot American League pennant race

FOR SEVERAL YEARS, there has been no more uncomfortable seat in baseball than the one currently occupied by Michael Franklin Higgins, a large, blue-eyed Texan who sometimes answers to the incongruous nickname of Pinky. Manager since last fall of the Boston Red Sox, Higgins is the fifth man in nine years to tackle the touchy job. The betting is that he will keep it for a long time.

Ever since Joe Cronin escaped in 1947 from the bench to the front office, where the brickbats land with a thud instead of a crash, the Red Sox managers have lived a life of triple jeopardy. Saddled by what are generally conceded to be the worst press relations in the league, they have had to face, usually alone, one of the most prolific, exacting and competitive presses in the land. But if they have had troubles from these sources, they are as nothing compared with the going over they have had from the rabid, baseball-wise following of a million self-appointed assistant managers. When things went wrong at Fenway Park—and they did often in those trying years—the fans exploded with a clatter that suggested time bombs had been thoughtfully provided by the management under each seat. And the wrath of the fans landed with a loud, resounding smack on the head of the man who at the moment was thoughtless enough to answer to the name of manager. The trick was not so much to manage. It was to survive.

Why Pinky Higgins should want the job, much less think he could succeed at it, is still somewhat of a mystery among sound baseball men. Yet the fact remains that for the past eight years the low-pressure Irish Methodist has surely and steadily stalked his way to Fenway Park.

When he quit as a major league player after the 1946 World Series, Higgins could have become manager of the Class AAA Toronto club of the International League. He turned the chance down in favor of the same job with Roanoke in the Class B Piedmont League. The difference was that Roanoke was in the Red Sox farm system, while Boston had only a loose working agreement with Toronto. "At Toronto I would have had only two or three Red Sox men," Higgins commented recently. "At Roanoke I had a whole ball club of 'em."

Higgins has had whole ball clubs of Red Sox ever since. But there was a time last fall when it seemed as if all the training might go for naught. He had just finished his most successful season, winning the Little World Series with the Louisville Colonels of the American Association, when he was offered the managership of the Philadelphia Phillies. Higgins told the Boston management about it, and they decided to pay off Lou Boudreau, whose contract as manager still had a year to run. Boston wasn't allowing Higgins to escape

JUMP FOR GENIUS

This week, as the Red Sox continue to show surprising strength in chasing the American League pennant, the Boston management's quick decision to grab hold of Higgins has the aura of genius about it. Boston's brain trust could look bad, though, if the team should go into the kind of tailspin it suffered beginning in the second month of the season, when nothing Higgins did went right. The return of Ted Williams is credited with adding much of the lift, and undoubtedly his presence in the lineup has been a boost to morale. But other Boston managers have foundered with Williams on the roster. Those who are counting on Higgins to keep the team in high fettle are depending rather on qualities not often sought after nor found in a new manager: sound knowledge of his players and their wholehearted respect. Of the 44 men who were on the roster at spring training headquarters in Sarasota, Fla. this March, 23 had played for Higgins somewhere along the line and all 23 swore by him.

What it is exactly that Higgins has is hard to lay a finger on. Patient, colorless, plain, slow of speech and manner and action, he is a living bromide, the still water that runs deep, the honesty that is the best policy, the virtue that is its own reward. He is a good, kind, unspectacular man, rugged and simple and given to uttering such homely phrases as "Rules are made to be broken" and "A happy team is a winning team."

Even these phrases do not come readily. Higgins speaks in a deep drawl and his voice is so low that a visitor has to pay close attention to catch everything. He rarely answers a question without turning it over for inspection several times first. Sometimes he ponders so long that he appears to have forgotten the question. His easy ways give him the disarming manner of a country boy and strangers often mistake him for a ready mark in the big city. But they soon discover that underneath he is as shrewd as a banker and a sharp man in a corner.

In one sense Higgins is fortunate in taking over the Red Sox this year. The many woes that once beset his worthy predecessors have for the most part vanished. The press, and even at times the public, chastened by the near-certain knowledge that their antics were in some part responsible for the repatriation of the Braves in Milwaukee, are acting with a restraint that proper Bostonians should find comforting.



A DEEP BROODER MANAGER HIGGINS STUDIES INDIAN DEFENSES FROM DUGOUT DURING A THREE-GAME SERIES WITH CLEVELAND LAST WEEK

Many other things are different. The policy of buying up established stars and installing at their head a manager who had recently won a pennant was buried under an avalanche of raw youths brought in two years ago by Boudreau when he combed Red Sox farms for new talent. Boudreau's players are maturing.

So is Williams. A national hero today, Ted was always something of a problem child in earlier days. Charming one minute and glumly uncooperative the next, Williams was bigger than any manager—a law unto himself. He did as he pleased, and no manager dared try to cross him. Joe McCarthy, a martinet when he won eight pennants with the New York Yankees, was willing to forego one of his strictest regulations in Boston. A stickler for formality in dress, he appeared without a necktie on his first day of spring training in Florida so that Williams, who flatly refused to wear one, would not be embarrassed. Big Steve O'Neill treated Williams with stout deference, and Boudreau and Williams maintained a mutual silence. The long shadow of the great slugger was always darkening the manager's door.

Not so Pinky Higgins. He and Williams have been friends since 1946, when both were on the only Boston team ever to bring a pennant home to millionaire Owner Tom Yawkey. When Higgins was appointed manager, Williams was quoted as saying, "Mike is a nice guy," a grudging compliment from anybody else perhaps, but from Williams, who is not given to paying unsolicited tributes, high praise.

Throughout the spring, when rumors over Williams' intentions were meeting each other coming and going, Higgins maintained an attitude of impassive indifference. The slugger had announced his retirement at the beginning of the 1954 season, but few believed that he meant it, and almost everyone but Higgins had an opinion on the subject.

THE WILLIAMS ENIGMA

"I'd like to have him," Higgins said, "but I don't know what his plans are. I haven't heard a thing. In the meantime, Throneberry's my left fielder. He'll do all right."

Faye Throneberry, a taciturn 24-year-old youth fresh out of the Army and happy to be a big league ballplayer, is typical of the new Red Sox. He and his teammates of several years' standing offer the last and possibly the sternest contrast with Red Sox teams of the past. In 1950, the year after the club had missed winning two successive pennants on the very last day of the season, there were 11 Cadillacs in the players' parking lot behind Fenway Park. Those Red Sox were big-businessmen ballplayers, not loafers, but not hungry men either. They could, with some equanimity, shrug off defeat as part of the game, then blithely drive their Cadillacs home to wait for the next season to roll around.

The current team is completely unspoiled. The men are lean, hungry, determined and eager, and their salaries are commensurate with salaries of other ball clubs. Prima donnas and big businessmen lurk in the shadows of remembrance and the Cadillacs are confined mostly to a few players' futures.

This is the kind of team Higgins wants. Indeed, it's the team he virtually grew up with. There is the 23-year-old Tom Brewer, whose three-hit shut out over the Indians last Sunday is typical of the good ball Higgins is getting from his young men. There is the 22-year-old Gene Stephens who, when things were going badly for him in Boston in 1953, said, "Send me back to Louisville with Mike." There is 25-year-old Ike Delock, who made the same request at just about the same time. There are others who have asked to be sent back from Louisville to

continued on next page



THOUGHTFUL, Higgins rubs [illegible] flares groundward in tight Indians game July 16.

PINKY HIGGINS

continued from page 49

Birmingham "so I can be with Mike again," just as boys in the Red Sox farm system seven years ago asked to be sent from Birmingham to Roanoke "with Mike."

"Higgins is the greatest judge of human nature I have ever known," says Charley Wagner, a Higgins teammate on the 1946 Boston team and now assistant farm director of the Red Sox. "He knows instinctively how to get the most out of young ballplayers."

Players like Al Curtis, George Susce, Pete Daley, Frank Malzone, Don Buddin, Marty Keough, Norm Zauchin and Al Van Alstyne, some of whom are with the Red Sox now and some of whom are on the way, can testify to that. So can veterans like Milt Bolling, who was with Higgins at Louisville, and Leo Kiely and Willard Nixon, who pitched for him at Birmingham.

The late Harry Agganis, for whom Higgins had high hopes as a player before he died as a result of pneumonia this summer, got typical Higgins treatment at Louisville in 1953. Fresh out of Boston University, where he had been an outstanding football star, he got off to a terrific start, then suddenly went into a terrible nosedive. He suffered in silence for weeks, and finally went to Higgins with the plea, "Mike, what am I doing wrong?"

Higgins pointed out a few minor flaws and Agganis promptly pulled out of the slump.

Why didn't he tell him sooner? "An independent guy like Agganis would have resented me butting in," Higgins explained. "He always figured he was man enough to solve his own problems. I wanted him to *want* help before I said anything."

But when Gene Stephens ran into the same trouble at Louisville last year, Higgins began working with him right off. Stephens eventually got back into the groove, but it took him longer.

"You'd go to a kid like Stephens," Higgins said. "You couldn't wait for him to come to you. He was scared and



APPREHENSIVE, Higgins strokes chin, shows nervous strain of day-to-day play.

nervous and he needed confidence. You had to coax him into believing in himself. That takes time."

In his playing days, Higgins was a steady, solid third baseman who occasionally hit spectacular heights. In 1938, his second year with the Red Sox, he established a major league record of 12 straight hits which still stands, although it has been tied by Walter Dropo. Higgins twice hit three home runs in one ball game, and he played on two American League All-Star teams and in two World Series during his 15-year career. He started with the Philadelphia Athletics, then went to the Red Sox, on to Detroit, and finally, in 1946, back to the Red Sox. After winning the pennant that year, they lost the World Series to the St. Louis Cardinals. Higgins, then 37, played through all seven games, being replaced only once, and that by a pinch-runner in the ninth inning of the first game.

Higgins was noted in his day for a peculiar batting stance, in which he stood stiff-armed, holding his bat high over the plate and almost perpendicular to the ground. His lifetime average of .292 was well ahead of that of the average third baseman. Generally known as a "ballplayer's ballplayer," he was a valuable team man, who could hit in the clutch and whose record did not quite do justice to his true ability.

He spends a good deal of his off-season time now hunting and fishing, which he loves. He lives in Dallas during the winter with his attractive brunette wife, Hazen, and his two school-age daughters, Diane and Elizabeth, otherwise known as Bootsie. The rest of the year they rent a house in Newton, Mass., not too far from the Fenway. The girls and their mother are all musical, a circumstance which Mike accepts with placid good nature. Sometimes, if the noise gets too loud, he quietly goes to his room and closes the door.

His name, a source of embarrassment to him for years, came from the fact that he had a rosy complexion as a small boy. A sister nicknamed him Pinky, and he carried it with him through school, college and the big leagues.



DOWNCAST, Mike grasps dugout post, chokes back anger as strategy goes awry.

Given his choice, he'd prefer to be called Mike.

"I don't suppose it makes a hell of a lot of difference," he says, "because I'm more interested in what people think of me than what they call me. But, honestly now, don't I look more like a Mike than a Pinky?"

Before the season began, Higgins minced few words in showing more confidence in his young ball club than the baseball experts, many of whom picked the Red Sox to finish no better than

fifth this year. He told reporters the club would definitely be in the thick of the pennant race.

"I wouldn't want to predict that we can win," he said, "but I think we'll take more games than last year's team did." Boudreau's 1954 club won 69 games, finishing fourth, 42 games behind the league-leading Cleveland Indians.

At 16, Higgins knows exactly what he wants and where he's going. When he talks baseball, he expresses himself with quiet confidence. He punctuates his remarks with pithy phrases, along with the aforementioned maxims which he likes to assemble in simple battle array, the better to score his points. Here are some typical volleys:

"Baseball doesn't change much. What changes is the personnel."

"Percentage baseball must be good. If it weren't, it wouldn't work so often."

"It's easy to see what a fellow is doing wrong. The big job is to make the proper corrections."

"Each man must be treated as an individual. No two do things alike."

"Every manager has his own way of dealing with problems."

"I don't consider handling ballplayers a problem. It's a pleasure."

"Discipline never reforms a bad actor. I'd rather get rid of a man than fine or suspend him."

"The golden rule is old, but it still works pretty well."

The phrases may not make any notable additions to Bartlett's Quotations. As exemplified by Pinky Higgins, however, they do apparently shape ball games. END



HOPEFUL, Higgins looks up, keeps trying despite Cleveland's airtight pitching



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GENERAL WILLIAM BRIDGEFORD, KOREAN WAR COMMANDER, IS OVERSEER OF 1956 OLYMPIC PREPARATIONS

AUSTRALIA TOES THE MARK

After a record number of false starts, the Olympic hosts are getting set for a record show

by **COLES PHINIZY**

IN MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, above the clutter of Flinders Street Railroad Station where 10 years ago many American soldiers met the Australian girls they married, today a 30-foot neon sign flashes warning of another invasion in 1956. "Stop," the sign asks, "are you an Olympic host? Look," the sign pleads, "20,000 beds are still needed."

For six years before this flashing reminder was put up, Olympic officials and devotees inside and outside Australia had been boiling with doubts whether anyone in Melbourne really wanted to play host to the 1956 Games. This summer, a mile and a half from the center of Melbourne the girders and tiers of three stadiums are rising. On the north edge of town boom cranes are swinging the prefabricated slabs of a 780-unit Olympic village into place. The doubts finally are being answered by the sweet clatter of construction as Melbourne gets ready.

Melbourne was first proposed for the job of Olympic host by some of its sports-minded civic leaders at the 1949 meeting of the International Olympic Committee. Australia had sent competitors at least 7,000 miles to every modern Olympiad in North America and Europe, Melbourne's supporters pointed out. Largely because of this fair argument, the international committeemen—most of them, anyway—were glad to pass the Olympic torch to Melbourne. The Aussies soon found that the big Olympic affair can be

continued on page 57

Introducing SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's

"Four Hundred"

On this and the following pages, you will find the names of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's "Four Hundred" (there are actually four hundred and four)—the advertisers who, during just the first six months of the year, have ordered space in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for 1955.

We are publishing this list now, even though if we waited till the end of the year, it would be a much longer one.

Our friends tell us that this is an impressive, varied list—one which reflects much credit on American advertisers for their foresight in staking out their claims in a new, vital, and growing market of sports-minded men and women.

For our part, we are happy to have the chance of saluting these advertisers all in one place, at one time. We are proud to have had them share with us the adventure of successfully launching a new magazine; proud to acknowledge publicly that they have been fine people to do business with; and proud to repeat, as we have said to them before, "We couldn't introduce you to a nicer bunch of people than the readers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED."

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Chicago Boat Show

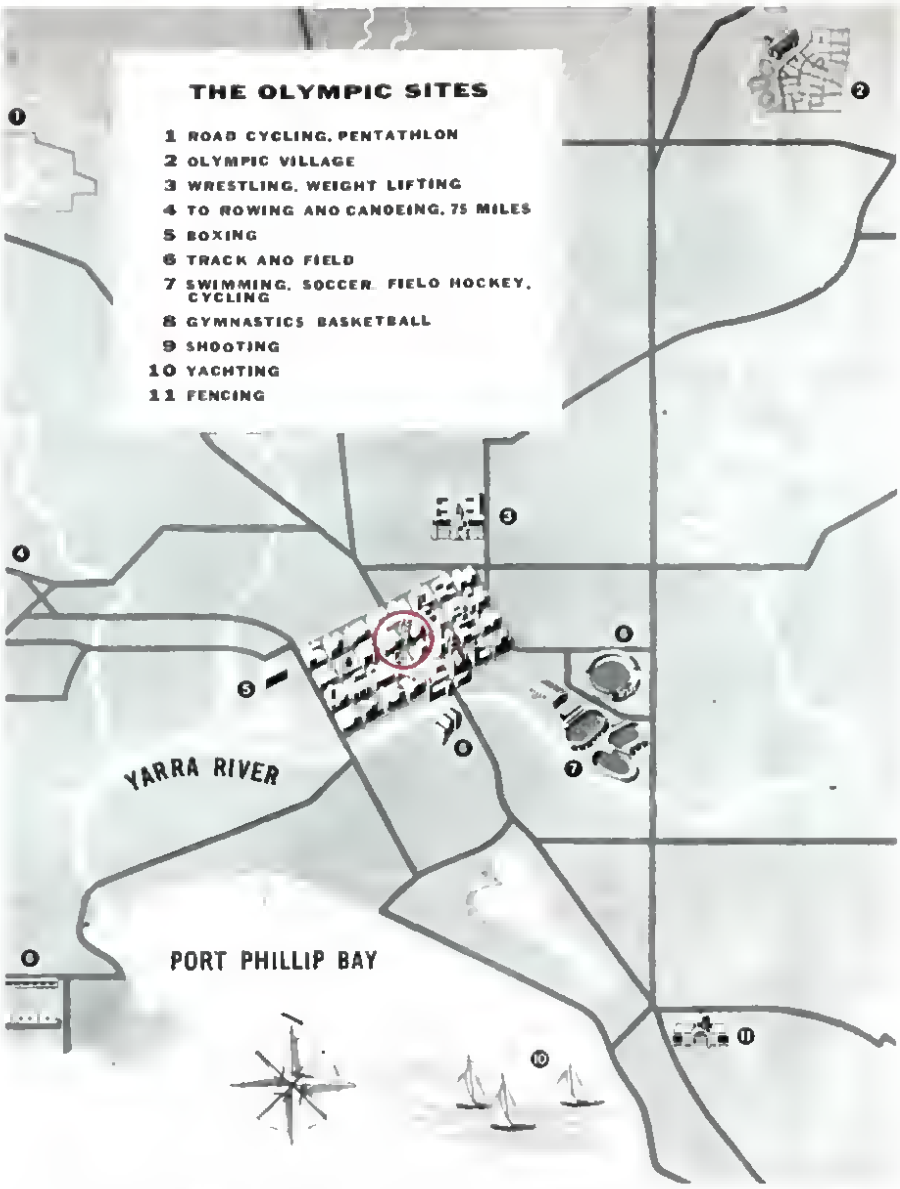
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MELBOURNE'S OLYMPIC LAYOUT provides facilities for the main events near the center of town where most spectators can reach them on foot. The Olympic village has been located eight miles out to give the athletes some privacy in their off hours.

AUSTRALIA TOES THE MARK

continued from page 52

a harrowing experience for the host.

In five years Melbourne was forced to change the site of the main stadium five times, finally settling on the 80,000-seat Melbourne Cricket Ground, despite the protests of some cricket fathers that the sacred turf should not be torn up for track and field doings. The rowing site shifted from Lake Wendouree to Lake Learmonth and back to Wendouree and back again to Learmonth. The swimming pool site was changed three times and, despairing of this vacillation, the head of Melbourne's Olympic control committee, Arthur Coles, resigned. The International Cycling Union approved a 250-meter track, then insisted on a 333-meter track. The boxing arena burned down. Quarantine officers announced that no mounts for equestrian events could enter Australia without an impracticable 6-month quarantine, so these events were broken off the agenda and consigned to Stockholm, Sweden. In the face of Australia's housing shortage, the state of Victoria balked at the idea of wasting materials on a village for the athletes. The federal government refused to turn over military barracks since there would be no place to put the displaced military and civil servants. There were insinuations by the Victoria state government that the federal government were spoilers, and counter insinuations by the federals, and though politics never played the worst part, at times the city, state and federal governments were like Balkan states in a period of unrest.

Melbourne's harrowing times, actually, were not much worse than other Olympic hosts experienced, but Melbourne without doubt broke all records for getting off to a bad early start in a distinctive Australian way. As the grade school books say, Australia is a far and different land, where birds laugh, fish walk on water, and outsized frogs bark like motorcycles. The Australian people are part English, part Irish and very American. As Australia's present Interior Minister Wilfred Kent Hughes puts it—and he was educated in England, competed in the 1920 Games, married a New Jersey lady, served a hitch as a Japanese war prisoner and has suffered most of the past six years as Chairman of Melbourne's Olympic Organizing Committee: "We are the loving daughter of the Queen, married to Uncle Sam. We speak the Queen's English, the President's English and the 'Fair Dinkum' English." But in a pinch it is blunt, straight-from-the-shoulder Fair Dinkum that prevails, and an Australian pounces with equal vigor on politicians, Davis Cup players and himself.

HOWLS FROM DOWN UNDER

When Melbourne got the Games, the first howls came, Fair Dinkum, from local critics. Thinking of what Americans and Continental tourists would expect, the Melbourne *Daily Sun* fired away: "A luxury hotel according to present Australian definition is one which gives the same level of service as a 60-year-old coffee palace in some minor European city." Only 500 of Melbourne's 8,000 top hotel rooms have connecting baths, and the harshest critics believed (judging Americans in part by American movies) no American would put up with darting down a hotel corridor swaddled in a towel. Helsinki, the 1952 host, has far less accommodations, but that point was seldom raised in all the clamor.

The *Daily Telegraph* of the rival city of Sydney said about Melbourne: "The horror of Sunday in Melbourne—an awesome study in suspended animation. Life does not stand still in Melbourne, it falls down in a torpor." Melbourne has no paid entertainment on Sunday. Bars close all Sunday and early on week nights. Indeed, compared to Melbourne, present-day Boston and Philadelphia are as wide open as Sodom and Gomorrah. The desperation of a

continued on next page



OLYMPIC SOCCER STADIUM, where a labor force of native Australians and immigrants are now laying forms for 35,000 seats, is about one-third complete. Like most of Melbourne's preparation, work on the soccer stadium is now ahead of schedule.

AUSTRALIA TOES THE MARK

Continued from page 57

Texas American in Melbourne might be such, the *Daily Telegraph* further speculated, that a waiter who removed a bottle at the hour when Melbourne bars turn into hollow pumpkins might well lose an arm.

At the peak of the flagrant knocking, the Australian lieutenant general, William Bridgeford, was busy as commander of the Commonwealth Forces in Korea. Jumping into the job of executive director of Melbourne's Olympics after Korea, the General, who is something of a Fair Dinkum talker himself, blasted back in defense of Melbourne: "A lot of bloody nonsense. Anybody who comes to Melbourne will have such a good time, he won't know whether it's Sunday or Monday." The General was mindful that in Melbourne, where there is a range of aquatic sports and more golf and tennis than in any American city of equal size, Americans manage to have a good time outside of bars. The General may also have had in mind that, though bars close, the law allows hotel guests to buy and drink anything at any hour.

The local knocking subsided, but not before leaving the outside world with the exaggerated impression that Melbourne was wallowing like a teak raft. Much of the foreign reaction was quite uncharitable. Australia's stringent horse quarantine could have been explained by almost any equestrian (it is easy to segregate horses, but not the insect vectors that might ruin Australia's livestock economy), but all the equestrian world got from Colonel Harry Llewellyn, leader of England's riders, was the bitter announcement that English horsemen might switch to ping-pong. Americans clucked at the reluctance of Australian cricketers to tear up their turf, though surely those who clucked would have had the same trouble persuading the New York Yankees to tear up all the sod in their outfield. Armand Massard, president of France's Olympic Committee, announced that he had always considered Australia a poor choice "thousands of miles from everywhere." Los Angeles boomed out, "We're an emergency landing field if Melbourne has trouble." There was always some American city circling like a dingo, eager to snatch the Games if Melbourne faltered.

THE CHANGING FLAME

If everyone had stopped barking, Melbourne would still have had trouble, and so may many cities in the future if the Games continue to depart from the simple idea of good will conceived by the French Baron de Coubertin. Many of the English, French, Americans and Australians at the first modern Olympiad in Greece in 1896 came on their own, and some competed in events they had never tried before. The first gold medal, in fact, was won by a Harvard student who played hooky to try the hop-step-and-jump. If the Greek hosts had added a seal barking contest at the last moment, it is douhtful whether anyone would have been rude enough to object. Though held in a fine new stadium, this first modern Games retained some of the flavor of a small, impromptu party—no one, including the hosts, worried too much about who was invited, who came or what happened.

Much taken by the Olympic idea which stresses individual performance rather than country or old school tie, almost the whole world now joins in. An Olympiad has now become a gargantuan affair, and though very much has been written and chanted against the trend toward national rivalry, very little has been said ahout another unfortunate departure from the original ideas. The Games are becoming an unlovely labor as Olympic devotees incline toward the false theory that the bigger and better the show, the brighter the Olympic flame will burn. Some flames—the almost insatiable ones of Hollywood, for instance—must burn

brighter and brighter and some hosts like the silver-plated princes of the Cote d'Azur perhaps must throw bigger affairs to avoid becoming social dodos. It was not meant to be, but the staging of the Olympics is becoming in itself a competition between cities of the world, with the emphasis on pleasing the tourist. Cities with a smart eye for tourist cash bid years in advance for the Games. The old idea of the individual performer has become a little lost. If the pressure continues, though many cities like Melbourne might wish the honor, only a few—the big booster cities of the U.S. and the big tourist cities—will be able to put on the show. For a few million dollars Los Angeles did a fine job as host in 1932, setting up an Olympic village of two-room cabins for 1,700 athletes. Hitler had one of Los Angeles' small 10-foot-by-24-foot cabins put up at the 1936 Olympics to serve as shoddy contrast to the far superior quarters built by the Nazi hosts. No one today is quite as heavy-handed as Hitler, but they are heavy-handed. At the 1949 meeting where Melbourne won the 1956 Games, the city of Detroit might have had a chance, since it had been asking since 1936. However, five other American cities also applied, and Detroit's chances were killed by overhustle. In seeming desperation this year, Detroit bid for the 1960 Games, offering to pay the travel costs of all athletes. Rome won out. The Games still belong to the competitors but the cities are getting their elbows on the table.

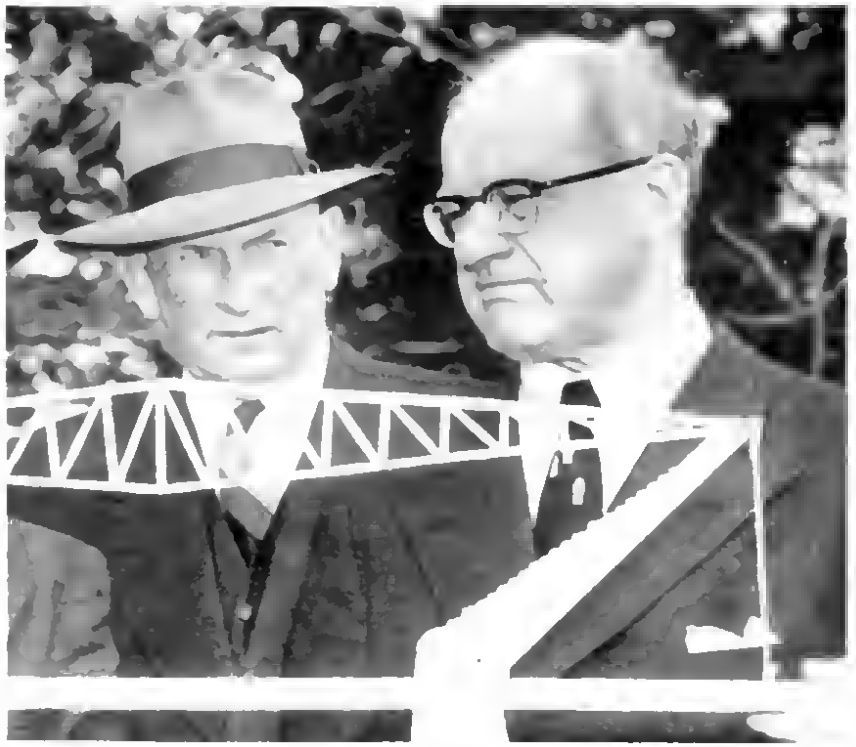
During the past year, while many outsiders were still betting Melbourne would lose the Games, Melbourne's progress was steady, until now it compares well with that of earlier hosts, including the go-get-'em city of Los Angeles, which was assigned the 1932 Games eight years in advance and did not finish its village for 1,700 athletes until just before the Games. In Melbourne 500 units for 6,000 athletes and officials are already under construction, and all will be finished five months in advance—and surrounded by a fence to keep out house-hungry Australian squatters until after the Games. New stands for the main stadium are 30% complete and when finished will give a spectator capacity of 110,000—the same that Hitler's stadium held and more than any other. The minor stadiums for swimming, hockey and soccer are roughly one-third finished. Including all the small details which a proper Olympic host must look to these days—seven-foot beds for American basketballers, steam baths for Scandinavians, and 10 menus to suit the whole world's odd tastes, these Games will cost over $11,000,000.

This April, Avery Brundage, the International Olympic President who pursues his Olympic business with the austere zeal of a Cotton Mather, flew down to inspect Melbourne's progress. He was not completely pleased and on departing said so at some length. "Mr. Brundage," Australia's Prime Minister Robert Menzies observes, "is not noted for undue silences." Australia's Olympic leaders listened to Brundage and said little, feeling that his parting blast was perhaps deserved and surely good for jolting anyone who might still be dozing. This June in Paris Brundage said, "At last they are awake to their great responsibility." At the same time, half a world away, surveying Melbourne's Olympic construction in a clot of Australian and foreign journalists, the Executive Director of the Games, General William Bridgeford, was saying much the same in his Fair Dinkum way. "The corner is turned," harked the General above the rattle of work. "We can look the world straight in the bloody eye. Now if you gentlemen are satisfied, let's go have a drink of gin."

A RETURN TO THE OLD IDEA

Over 17,000 foreigners will be coming to the Melbourne Games. Like previous hosts, to supplement its hotels, Melbourne will provide 30,000 beds in private homes. Whether this will be the biggest and best Games yet is best left to the speculation of those who feel Olympiads, like lawn parties, should be compared. It is being held in one of the two big hearts of the most sports-minded country in the world, and will no doubt derive some special richness from that fact. European countries will undoubtedly send smaller teams—for example, France, which usually fields about 280 will probably send around 100. At Melbourne for the first time Australia and Asia will be able to field large teams with decent economy, and in view of that, the statement of French Olympic leader Massard that Australia is "thousands of miles from everywhere" seems to be an odd and snobbish perversion of the original idea.

Australia's overseas airline, Qantas, has devised a safe way to fly the Olympic flame from Greece to Australia in a miner's lamp. At Cairns, on the north Australian coast, runners will bring it the last 1,750 miles to Melbourne. To fit in a miner's lamp, it will have to be a very small flame, which may be disappointing to some with circus-type minds. However the original idea was not how large the flame, but how far it could go. When it reaches Melbourne it will finally have gone all the way around the world. END



CRITICAL VISITOR Avery Brundage (*right*) on a tour with General Bridgeford last April liked what he saw of Australia's plans but did not like Australia's progress.



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Invented by Captain Cousteau and used by his diving crew on the "Calypso." The romance of skin diving and the mysteries of the deep can now be yours. It is proven 100% safe

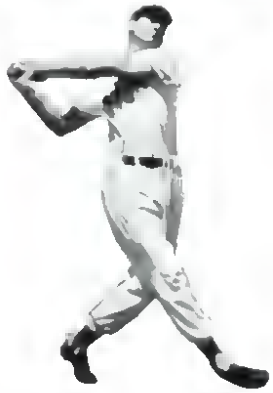
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Conversation Piece?

Most certainly. Because nobody talks about baseball very long without talking about the most talked-about player in the game today, Ted Williams.

On the other hand, talking to the temperamental gentleman of swing has generally been considered about as tough an assignment as getting him to go for a bad pitch.

But SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Joan Dreyspool talked to him and Ted Williams talked to her.

The result is the *Conversation Piece* in next week's issue.

When you've read it, you'll talk even more about Ted Williams, and you're bound to know more about the player and the man you're talking about.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
On newsstands Thursday, July 28

TIP FROM THE TOP



especially for players of athletic build

from **CHICK HARBERT,** *Meadowbrook Country Club, Northville, Mich.*

Let's be honest about it—one of the chief thrills of golf is smashing a long tee shot far, far down the fairway. In no other ball-and-stick or ball-and-racquet game can the average player propel the ball the distance he can in golf. No wonder the inward delight and satisfaction is intense when you hit one of your best drives.

Other factors being consistent, the length of the arc of your swing governs your distance off the tee. The fuller you pivot, the longer the arc. The longer the arc, the greater the club-head speed you generate. The greater the speed as it strikes, the farther the ball will travel—I repeat, other factors being consistent.

There are certain cautions and suggestions I feel I should advance for golfers interested in increasing their distance. 1) Don't try to lengthen the arc of your swing unless your muscular flexibility, age, weight and sight give you the athletic ability to do so. 2) Your grip must be firm but not rigid. 3) The head remains securely anchored at all times during the swing. 4) The development of a fuller pivot cannot be achieved if you allow your body to sway. In fact, swaying makes efficient pivoting impossible.



Above, Chick Harbert demonstrates the grip he has used since childhood: a combination baseball grip and Vardon overlap, with the left thumb riding on the left index finger. While not advocating this grip for other golfers, Harbert has never changed it himself. In combination with a full pivot and a wide club-head arc (right), it enables Harbert to come into the ball with great club-head speed.

NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: CHUCK CONGDON ON THE FOLLOW-THROUGH

HAPPY KNOLL

continued from page 31

the 9th, 10th and 16th greens, all of which will need renovation, and the vehicle itself was abandoned on the 14th fairway, almost a total wreck.

2) The large Persian rug in the Pendleton Room was cut into narrow strips which were tied together to form a rope for a tug-of-war game on the tennis courts. The rug is beyond repair.

3) A more than ordinary amount of glass and silverware was thrown into the pool, necessitating a thorough cleaning.

4) A peculiar situation developed at the bar. Old Ned, whose eyesight is not what it used to be, has discovered a number of bar checks signed by Dwight D Eisenhower, Douglas MacArthur and other notables. The total of these will be available shortly.

5) An unusual interest was taken in the club trophies. The Bradshaw Cup for women's singles has entirely disappeared as has the Happy Knoll Bridge Bowl. The gold-plated figure of a golfer has gone from the top of the Happy Knoll Challenge Urn and the silver polo mallets have been removed from the polo trophy. These are small matters but will need prompt attention.

6) The customary allowance for wear, tear and breakage appears to have been inadequate. Two sofas caught afire, one by accident and one on purpose since someone, not a member of Happy Knoll, conceived the idea of building a bonfire to greet the sunrise. This fortunately was checked by Mr. Bedard, but not wholly in time.

7) Pete, the caddie master, who was kind enough to help the house staff during the latter part of the evening, broke his arm in a friendly scuffle. It is doubtful whether this damage comes under the head of workmen's compensation.

There will be some other items, but I do believe that these are the main ones. We hope you will feel that they indicate that the party was a great success. It has already been termed one of the most active in the history of Happy Knoll and one long to be remembered.

Sometime in the near future I hope you will tell me all about it yourself. As I say, I am deeply sorry not to have been present.

Cordially yours,

I think this is about the way the letter should be written. There is no reason for complaint and recrimination. A good-natured calling to attention ought to be enough. Frankly, the whole affair has taught us a great deal at Happy Knoll and we are already considering precautionary measures to be used in future festivities. Live and learn is always our motto, but please get your letter off as soon as possible and please let us know what reply you elicit.

With all best wishes for a continued happy holiday,

Yours, as always,
Roger Horlick

New Formula Kills 'Roots' of Ringworm, Fungus

ATHLETE'S FOOT



AMAZING NEW TYPE FORMULA WITH SYNERGISTIC ACTION STOPS ITCHING SPREADING—*Fast!*

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Effective. Non-Irritating, Safe For Children.

Unless you kill the 'roots' of Athlete's Foot it can come back again, and may do serious damage. The 'roots' grow under the skin like a plant and may be present before you see a crack between your toes or start to itch. They may be *still spreading* long after some all-purpose antiseptic has helped heal itching and cracks. Only new Hydrotox has *Synergistic* Action—*kills deep-down 'roots'*—*safely* —gently. (For daytime use, and to keep from catching Athlete's Foot again—use Hydrotox dry spray powder.)





Wet feet pick up the fungus. It takes root.



Hydrotox kills 'roots' inside skin, stops spreading.

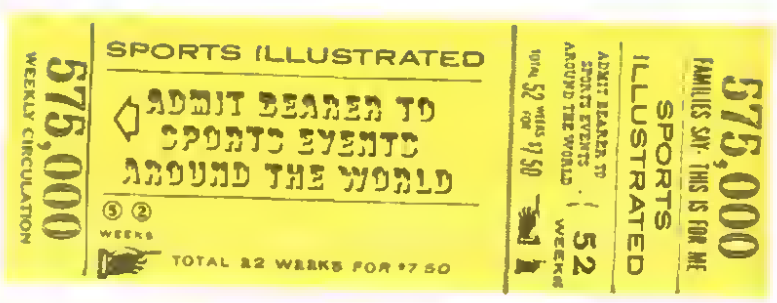
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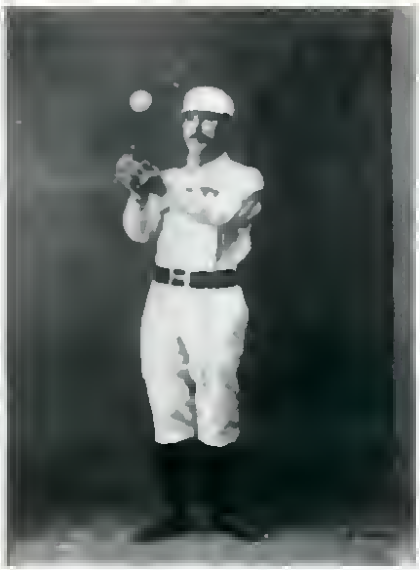
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EZRA SUTTON 3B, BOSTON



JOE MULVEY, 3B, PHILADELPHIA



CONNIE MACK, C, WASHINGTON

YESTERDAY

MAN AGAINST BALL

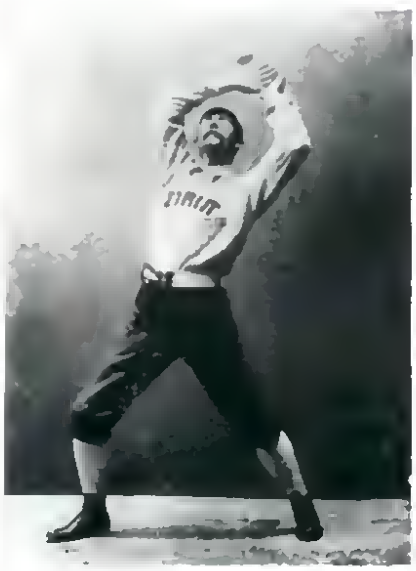
LATE in the 1880s big-time baseball was divided into two lusty parts—the National League (founded in 1876) and the American Association (founded in 1882). After frantic haggling over players, the leagues had settled into a friendly—and profitable—contention. Baseball boomed, and offered a new crop of heroes for public worship each season. Local pride was intense and a keen curiosity about rival players had made the game and its stars matters of fervid national interest. Cigarette manufacturers, looking for a way to link baseball players with their product, decided, long before bubble gum, to try photography. The camera at that time, like baseball, was in its late adolescence and was not yet very fast. Action shots had to be contrived in the studio with the ball hanging on a string from the ceiling. Ball players posing with the ball suspended tried to adopt attitudes of eagerness, ferocity, confidence or *savoir-faire*, as the situation seemed to demand. Many, oblivious to the ball, looked straight into the camera lens. Their photographs, distributed in packages of cigarettes and tobacco, were collected by a public who cared little that its sports heroes looked like amateur actors. The dignified animation of these early stars graced many an American home and occupied a warm spot in many a small boy's pocket.



SID FARRAR, 1B, PHILADELPHIA



ELTON (ICEBERG) CHAMBERLAIN, P, ST. LOUIS



JAMES (DEACON) WHITE, 3B, DETROIT



JAMES (DEACON) McGUIRE C, PHILADELPHIA



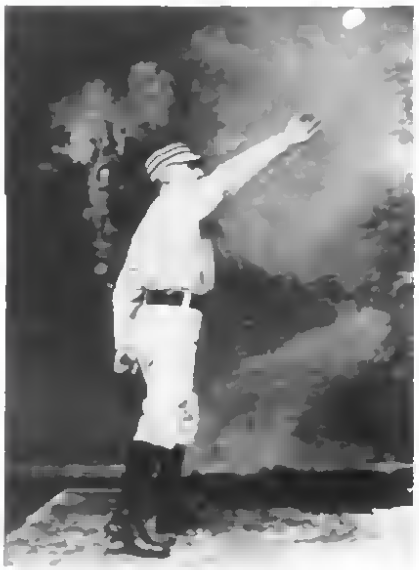
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COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO; ALL TIMES ARE E.D.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

July 22 through July 31

FRIDAY, JULY 22

Baseball
● Detroit vs Washington, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing
● Ray Robinson vs Rocky Castellani, middle-
● weights, Cow Palace, San Francisco (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Golf
Women's Open 4-ball tournament, Hot Springs, Va. (until July 24)

Harness Racing
Michigan Pacing Derby, $10,000, 1 m., free-for-all, Northville, Mich.
Triple Crown (third leg), $10,000, 1 m., free-for-all pace, Baltimore
Great Midwest Stake, $10,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old trotters, Martinsville, Ill.

Horse Racing
Starlet Stakes, $50,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Horse Show
Lakeville Horse Show, Lakeville, Conn. (until July 24)

Swimming
Natl. AAU men's outdoor championship finals, Los Angeles

Tennis
Australia vs. Brazil, Davis Cup elimination, Louisville (until July 24)
Canada vs. British West Indies, Davis Cup elimination, Montreal (until July 24)

SATURDAY, JULY 23

Auto Racing
NASCAR short track intl. race, Winston Salem, N.C.
SCCA Brynfan Tyddyn road race, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Baseball
● Chicago vs. Boston, Comiskey Pk., Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (CBS*).
Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Harness Racing
Natl. Trot, $12,000, 1 m., free-for-all, Sportsman's Pk., Cicero, Ill.

Horse Racing
● Sunset Handicap, $100,000, 1⅛ m., 3-yr. olds up, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif., 8 p.m. (CBS)
Monmouth Handicap, $75,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Monmouth Pk., Oceanport, N.J.
Arlington Futurity, $75,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Arlington Pk., Arlington Heights, Ill.
● Saranac Handicap, $25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr. olds,
● Saratoga-at-Jamaica, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC).

Lawn Bowling
Western Ontario Bowling Assn. tournament, London, Ont. (until July 28)

Motorboating
Doolittle Memorial predicted log race, Stamford, Conn.

Sailing
Mt. Desert Rock 420-m. ocean race, New London, Conn. to Marblehead, Mass.
Larchmont Race Week ends, Larchmont, N.Y.

Swimming
Far Western synchronized championships, San Diego (also July 24)

SUNDAY, JULY 24

Archery
Natl. Field Archery Assn. championship, Ludington, Mich. (until July 28)

Auto Racing
NASCAR short track late model stock car race, Floyd, Va.

Baseball
● Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*).

Golf
Western Amateur final, Rockford, Ill.

Motorboating
Natl. 135- & 266-cu.-in. hydroplane inboard championships, Guntersville, Ala.
Natl. Class B racing runabout inboard championships, Merced, Calif.

Motorcycling
AMA-sanctioned 20-m. natl. dirt track championship, San Mateo, Calif.

Roller Skating
RSROA natl. amateur championship meet, Toledo, Ohio (until July 31).

Sailing
Great South Bay YRA Cruise Week, Bellport, L.I., N.Y. (until July 30)
Martha's Vineyard Race, Edgartown, Mass.
Mirage Cup regatta, Pte. Claire YC, Mich.

Tennis
Pennsylvania State grass courts final, Merion CC, Haverford, Pa.

MONDAY, JULY 25

Baseball
● Hall of Fame game, Milwaukee vs. Boston, Cooperstown, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing
● Danny Jo Perez vs. Gene Poirier, welterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).

Golf
Women's Western Amateur, Olympia Fields CC, Olympia, Ill. (until July 30).

Horse Racing
Los Angeles Handicap, $25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Sailing
Curtis Cup, Sandy Bay YC, Rockport, Mass.

Shuffleboard
Natl. Open singles tournament, Traverse City, Mich. (until July 27).

Tennis
USLTA jr. & boys' championships, Kalamazoo, Mich. (until July 31)

TUESDAY, JULY 26

Baseball
● Chicago Cubs vs. New York Giants, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing
Gene Fullmer vs. Del Flanagan, middleweights, Butte, Mont. (10 rds.)
Kenny Lane vs. Hoacine Khalfi, lightweights, Miami, Fla. (10 rds.).

Golf
PGA final, Meadowbrook CC, Northville, Mich.

Rodeo
Frontier Days rodeo, Cheyenne, Wyo. (until July 30)

Tennis
Southampton Invitation, Southampton, L.I., N.Y. (until July 31)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27

Baseball
● Boston vs. Cleveland, Fenway Pk., Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing
● Willie Pastrano vs. Chuck Speiser, light heavy-
● weights, Chicago Stadium (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC-TV-10 p.m., radio-10:15 p.m.).

Harness Racing
Hambletonian Test, $10,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old trotters, Vernon Downs, N.Y.

Horseshoe Pitching
Natl. championship final, Murray, Utah.

Horse Racing
Arlington Matron, $50,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, f&m, Arlington Pk., Arlington Heights, Ill.

Rowing
Royal Canadian Henley regatta, Port Dalhousie, Ont. (until July 30)

THURSDAY, JULY 28

Baseball
● Boston vs. Cleveland, Fenway Pk., Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Golf
Rubber City Open, Akron, Ohio (until July 31).

Harness Racing
Nassau Pace, $35,000, 1½ m., free-for-all, Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., N.Y.

FRIDAY, JULY 29

Auto Racing
NASCAR 100-m. race, Alcyon Speedway, Pitman, N.J.

Baseball
● Chicago vs. Philadelphia, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Horse Show
Natl. Morgan Horse Show, Northampton, Mass. (until July 31).

Rowing
Northwestern Intl. Rowing Assn. regatta, Kenora, Ont. (also July 30)

Swimming
Natl. AAU sr. women's outdoor synchronized championships, Houston, Tex. (until July 31).

Tennis
Australia-Brazil winner vs. Canada-British West Indies winner, Davis Cup elimination, Montreal. Italy vs. Sweden, European Zone Davis Cup final, Milan (until July 31).

SATURDAY, JULY 30

Auto Racing
Midland Empire sports car races, Rosecrans Memorial Airport, St. Joseph, Mo. (also July 31)
NASCAR short track race, Westport Stadium, Baltimore

Baseball
● Boston vs. Detroit, Fenway Pk., Boston, 1:55 p.m. (CBS*)
● Cincinnati vs. Pittsburgh, Crosley Field, Cincinnati, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Horse Racing
Arlington Handicap (turf), $100,000, 1 3/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Arlington Pk., Arlington Heights, Ill.
● Merchants' & Citizens' Handicap, $25,000, 1 3/16
● m., 3-yr.-olds up, Saratoga-at-Jamaica, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC)
Choice Stakes, $25,000, 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds, Monmouth Pk., Oceanport, N.J.

Horse Show
Appaloosa Horse Show & Race, Beaumont track, Belgrade, Mont. (also July 31)

Motorboating
Natl. 136-cu.-in. hydroplane championships, Cambridge, Md.
APBA, Great Lakes Division stock class outboard championships, Conway, Mich.

Sailing
Ivy Invitational Penguin regatta, Peoria, Ill. (also July 31).
Seafair Races, Lake Washington, Seattle.

SUNDAY, JULY 31

Auto Racing
German Grand Prix, Nurburgring, Germany.
SCCA Natl., Seafair Race, Seattle.

Baseball
● New York vs. Kansas City, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*)
East vs. West All Stars, Negro American League, Comiskey Pk., Chicago.

* See local listing

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2—drawing by Ed Zern. 10, 11—drawings by Alex. 18—A.P. 18, 19, 22, 23—drawings by Norris Brothers, Ltd. 20, 21—top, Larry Burrows, LIFE; bottom, no credit. Combine Photos, Wide World. Combine Photos, European. 24—A.P. 25—Judd Gunderson, Los Angeles Times. 28, 29—top, A.P., Joe Van Wormer, Don Hutcheson, The Abilene Reporter-News; bottom, European. 30—drawing by Jan Balet. 40, 41—Jay Leviton, Black Star. 52, 58—Coles Phinizy. 57—map by Jack Kunz. 59—I.N.P. 60—Bill Young. 62, 63—from I. Sy Seidman. 67—Walter Daran. 68—Leigh A. Wiener.

19th HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

THEY RAVE AND RANT

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed the article which Mrs. Dreyspool prepared for SI, July 11 on our manager, Walter Alston.

I feel that Mrs. Dreyspool has come closer to capturing the true Alston than any regular writer. Writers are so accustomed to the ravings and rantings of our previous managers that they cannot understand a manager who speaks softly and lets his players speak for the team by their play on the field.

It is a sad commentary on major league baseball when a manager is judged by the amount of noise he makes rather than by his ability to run the club.

Alston is using the same tactics and policies which he pursued in 1954. This year he has better tools and consequently he is winning more games. A well Campanella, a grown-up Newcombe and the addition of Roebuck have made Alston appear in a better light.

Congratulations to Mrs. Dreyspool and your magazine for this story which will show the baseball fans of our country the type of fellow who handles "The Bums."

FRESCO THOMPSON
Vice-President
Brooklyn Dodgers

Brooklyn

SAY IT AIN'T SO, BOB

Sirs:

Robert Creamer's contention that the New York Giants are through, dead and buried with little more than half the 1955 National League pennant race completed (SI, July 18) certainly simplifies things for Walter Alston, Stan Hack and Charley Grimm—if these gentlemen attach as much importance to one poorly played Giant game as does Mr. Creamer. The Giants now give every indication of becoming increasingly tough on the opposition in the stretch run. A 15½-game deficit would appear insurmountable to most managers and most ball clubs, but Durocher has repeatedly used the element of surprise to defy the percentages. His record proves conclusively that he is the most imaginative and daring manager in the game today. Leo still has at his command a very sound club that is at its best when the pressure is greatest.

The letdown the Giants have experienced these past few months is a natural follow-up to their spectacular successes of 1954. They should not, at this stage of the race, be relegated to the also-rans.

Mr. Creamer has gone way out on a limb with what I consider a rash and unwarranted appraisal of a great ball club. Should the Giants repeat the miracle of Coogan's Bluff—but then it can't happen! Can it, Mr. Creamer? Are you really sure?

ALFRED J. O'FARRELL

New Haven, Conn.

● SI's Bob Creamer is a lifelong Giant fan and he fervently hopes his own appraisal will turn out to be wrong.—ED.

PREACH AND THE GOOD BOYS

Sirs:

We certainly cannot believe that this one pitch of Mr. Roe's (*The Outlawed Spitball Was My Money Pitch*, SI, July 4) enabled him to compile the fine record he had with Brooklyn. The Preach was a fine control pitcher, with a good curve, change up and an occasional fast one to keep them honest. Regardless of what he or any pitcher throws, the ball still has to come over the plate within the strike zone. It isn't logical to assume that only two or three players in the entire league were capable of hitting the wet one. The truth is that there are darn few good hitters around today. Everyone is swinging for the fences. There is only one player in the entire National League who can be counted on to get a hit once out of every three times at bat. The American League is twice as good since they have two men batting over .333.

It is getting so that if a player bats .300 for the season he is mentioned as a Hall of Fame candidate.

Let them throw wet ones or dry ones; the good boys will still get their bingles.

JAMES R. FARRELL

Livingston Manor, N.Y.

A TASTE OF THINGS TO COME?

Sirs:

'Tis odd, but as SI's July 11 issue, which had a story of Ty Cobb's 16 total bases in one game, was being read around the country, Earl Averill Jr., son of the former Cleveland all-time great, tied that record.

Earl, catching for Nashville (Southern Association AA) in a game against Chattanooga, got five for five—three homers and two doubles. They would have gone for homers in practically all of the parks in the majors—so scouts say who were

continued on *next page*



"If you start shouting, Miss Foss, you're liable to start an avalanche."

 continued from page 65

present. It took Ty six times at bat to get his 16-base total—it took Earl five.

Could this be an indication of things to come for Cleveland fans whose ball club, the Indians, owns his contract?

JOHN T. HOLLOWAY

Murfreesboro, Tenn.

● Hank Greenberg, the Indians' General Manager, says, "We have a number of youngsters on our farm teams who make our future look bright. Earl is certainly one of the finest prospects and we have good reason to hope that some day he may become a Cleveland star like his father before him."—ED.

THE LINE FORMS . . .

Sirs:

Would it be possible for a charter subscriber to SI to get a guest card to Happy Knoll Country Club?

GEORGE D. COMBS

Ft. Worth, Texas

Sirs:

I would like to receive a guest card for the Happy Knoll Country Club. . . .

NORMAN EUBANKS

Wichita Falls, Texas

Sirs:

Please send me a membership card. . . .

WESLEY HAYES

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

Would you please send me a guest card to Happy Knoll . . .?

R. C. MORGAN JR.

Forty Fort, Pa.

Sirs:

I would like to apply for guest membership at Happy Knoll . . .

PETER J. COCCARO JR.

Chevy Chase, Md.

Sirs:

I wonder if guest cards are available. . . .

STUART MORGAN

Tulsa, Okla.

Sirs:

Happy Knoll probably has more guest-card holders than members by now, but I wonder if I . . .

JASON KING

Bowling Green, Ky.

Sirs:

If you would be so kind as to sponsor me as a prospective guest of Happy Knoll. . .

WILSON G. WALKER

Minneapolis, Minn.

● SI is happy to announce that the Happy Knoll Board of Governors has acted favorably on the applications of Messrs. Combs, Eubanks, Hayes, Morgan, Coccaro, King and Walker.—ED.

OFFSHORE MEMBER

Sirs:

Since Mr. Jerry Conklin-Litts of the U.S.A. is the first to receive a guest card to Happy Knoll Country Club (19th HOLE, July 11), may I be the first *outside* the U.S. to receive a guest card? I do not consider myself just any Tom, Dick or Jerry.

AUBREY EDWAROS

Pembroke Park, Bermuda

HAPPENED TO NOTICE . . .

Sirs:

If Happy Knoll guest cards are actually available, may I have one? I have no Cadillac, but I will keep my 1955 Buick well-polished to minimize comments from Hard Hollow members who will notice that a guest's car "doesn't have whitewalls . . . not that it makes any difference, of course—just happened to mention it."

ANN JARVIS

Racine, Wis.

● Like those of virtually every other country club, Happy Knoll's Articles of Incorporation (Article III, Section 4) limit membership to men, although their families are granted club privileges. Nevertheless, the Board of Governors never underestimates the power of a woman: request granted.—ED.

RIVAL MEMBER

Sirs:

I noticed in the July 11th issue that Mr. Jerry Conklin-Litts received the first guest card to Happy Knoll Country Club. I think that's fine, but I'm afraid I fit more in the category of the Hard Hollow Country Club members because, like them, I don't own a new Cadillac (or even a used one, for that matter). They need new members, as has often been stated, and I'm sure that Happy Knoll would like to keep alive the friendly rivalry.

BULL KRAHLING

Alliance, Ohio

● As J. P. Marquand said (SI, June 27), "The fellows at Hard Hollow are a swell aggressive bunch and we Happy Knollers believe in cards face up and no throat cutting—not in this community. Still, they do need new members desperately at Hard Hollow."—ED.



GOOD NEWS FOR HAPPY KNOLL

OH, HAPPY, HAPPY DAY

Sirs:

It was something of a shock to hear from Roger Horlick that Happy Knoll once again found itself in the red ink (SI, July 11). I am not too unhappy, however, about that breakage bill which apparently contributed to the deficit, since breakage, especially of fragile chairs, is invariably preceded by brisk business at the bar, which keeps clubs from even greater deficits.

What quite frankly worries me is that this deficit might lead to the suspension of Happy Knoll and thus of Happy Knoll *stories* in SI. Since I am looking forward to a long summer of cooling off with SI's Happy Knoll communiques, I feel that I must do the handsome thing, however painful. Here is my check, which will cover this year's deficit.

But let me tell you this: you won't get another penny out of me and I won't care next year if Happy Knoll's newer elements burn the place to the ground with an impromptu display of July 4th fireworks in the coeducational bar.

R. C. CRANDELL

Oyster Bay, New York

A PLACE TO MAKE FRIENDS

Sirs:

Under your *Current Week and What's Ahead* section (SI, July 11) you made reference to "This means Siberia! Back to the Salt Mines!" cries from the British audience when the UBC-Vancouver Rowing Club defeated the Russian rowers. It is unfortunate that you did not see fit to mention also that the two teams mingled freely, and that the first words of the Vancouver cox, Carl Ogawa, after the race were "I've got to go and shake hands with those Russians."

As the stroke of the crew, Glen Smith, is from Grand Forks, we take pride in the VRC's sportsmanship and its efforts to make friends with Russian athletes and all others at Henley.

They did not make it a cold war victory; they saw it as one good team beating another. International sports should provide a place to make friends, not an opportunity to report the trite and overworked phrases you saw fit to print.

The UBC-VRC rowers were able to make that trip because of public contributions. Our town of 1,700 raised $450. This is the answer to subsidized athletes.

MILTON ORRIS

Grand Forks, B.C., Canada

SENTIMENT OF THE MEMBERS

Sirs:

As President of the Bulldog Club of New England Inc., and one who enjoys the thrill of owning a young son of Kippax Fearnought, I would like to compliment SI for the manner in which it handled the "Brave Bulls" feature story of July 4.

I feel certain that I am expressing the sentiments of all member breeders, owners and fanciers in stating that the article leaves no room for improvement in factual research and accurate description of a bulldog's temperament.

ALFRED M. FREEDMAN

Georgetown, Mass.

GLOWING COCKLES

Sirs:

SI really went overboard on the subject of the English bulldog. The cover and article in the July 4 issue must have warmed the cockles of the hearts of bulldog men from coast to coast and undoubtedly also in England. It was a magnificent article and the cover photograph was out of this world.

FERD KRAMER

Chicago

AM I WRONG?

Sirs:

Enjoyed your baseball color in SI, July 11th issue, but would like to correct an obvious error you made in the Kansas City Yankee picture caption. You stated that it is Bob Turley backing up Andy Carey on a throw from the outfield. The pitcher in the picture is a lefty and Bullet Bob throw

them from the right side. My guess is that it's Eddie Lopat. Correct me if I'm wrong.

JACK COOPER

East Lansing, Mich.

● Lopat it is. So far 91 other readers have written in to say so.—ED.

EQUESTRIAN ACT

Sirs:

In Jimmy Jemail's HOTBOX in your June 27 issue Jimmy Kilroe, Belmont Park's handicapper, says that most show-horse riders are women. I disagree with him. In most of the big stakes there is a men's class, a women's class and an open class. There are just as many, if not more, men in this class as there are women. The three top show-horse riders, Kenneth Carson, Earl Teater and Owen Haly, are men.

JOHN RINGLING NORTH II
President
Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey
Combined Shows Inc.

Sarasota, Fla.

IN WHISPERS ONLY

Sirs:

The wendigo (SI, July 11) may be "an Indian version of the Lorelei" whose "mysterious voice entices happy warriors from their wigwams and leads them deep into the forests in quest of the unknown."

So Algernon Blackwood pictured it in the best fiction yet written about the legend.

But his version (and SI's) bears little resemblance to the wendigo I have heard whispered about around campfires in northern Minnesota, Manitoba and Ontario—by men who profess to know the creature.

Would any SI reader in those parts care to comment?

WILLIAM BARING-GOULD

Pound Ridge, N.Y.

● The wendigo legend has many forms. To Algernon Blackwood, writer of weird tales of the supernatural, the wendigo was a woodland voice calling men to adventure and death. But the Indians of Manitoba describe wendigos as huge, ugly, baby-eating women with enormous feet for walking easily on snow. The Algonquin Indians of Ontario believe the wendigo is a lost hunter who, having turned cannibal to keep from starving, becomes an evil spirit and an enemy of men. And there is the anthropology professor in Minnesota who used to tell his students that he was once caught in a wendigo's cannibal clutches but managed to escape. Others have made similar claims, but they are never backed by witnesses because wendigos show themselves only to people alone in the woods. SI welcomes additional wendigo tales from its readers.—ED.

FRANKIE'S FRIEND

Sirs:

I never thought the day would come when I would write a letter to the "Readers Take Over" section, but I have to comment on your article about Blaise D'Antoni (SI, June 27). It was really funny. He doesn't care about money! He loves the poor. Well, I'm a poor bum. Tell the big boy to shoot me up a couple of grand and maybe I can be generous too. What a colossus! What a giant! Phooey!!!

TW

P.S. I only signed my initials because anybody that admires Frankie Carbo scares even me.

Madison, Wis.

THANKS FROM THE MOOSE FRATERNITY

Sirs:

The Loyal Order of Moose takes great pleasure in presenting this Distinguished Service Citation plaque to SI for its outstanding service, not only to this fraternity, but to all other organizations and services



CITATION FOR SI

which rely on the great publications of our nation to inform the general public of their aims and purposes.

In this small way the Moose fraternity expresses its thanks to the staff and management of SI for opening its columns to our story of aid and assistance to children who have lost one or both parents, to the dependent aged and to unfortunate and needy children everywhere (*The Mighty Orphans*, SI, Nov. 22).

In sending this plaque to your magazine, the writer extends the best wishes of all of the Moose Supreme Lodge officers and nearly 1¼ million members of the fraternity and its auxiliary.

HERBERT MAHUMED

Mooseheart, Ill.

PITCAIRN MEETING

Sirs:

In 1952 and part of 1953, I was a crew member of the schooner *Landfall II* owned by Dr. W. F. Holcomb of Oakland, California. Skipper Holcomb and his wife Marilyn, along with two crew members, sailed from San Francisco Bay in 1953 for a leisurely round-the-world cruise.

So far, Mrs. Holcomb has sent back about 65 typewritten pages relating their adventures. After reading your very interesting article *Windjamming Round the World* (SI, July 4), I recall seeing the name *Yankee* in the *Landfall's* log. This comes from the log covering the Holcomb's voyage from Floreana Island in the Galapagos.

"Mr. Irving Johnson of the *Yankee* has called into Pitcairn several times on his world cruises and the people are most grateful to him for his generosity and kindness. He has taken them to Henderson Island on a couple of occasions so that they might put in a wood supply and has won their affection and admiration."

The log also goes on to say:

"On his [Johnson's] last visit to Pitcairn a few months before our arrival, we were told that the seas were exceedingly rough and that the *Yankee* could not anchor, but had to keep sailing up and down in front of the pass, which it did for almost a week. It seems that they had been forewarned by the islanders that it was not advisable to return to their ship one evening, but Mr. Johnson said he wanted to return anyway. They loaded up the long boats with cameras, foodstuffs, laundry, etc., and had not gone more than 50 yards from shore when a huge wave came in and swamped the boat. They, of course, had to return to shore for the night and make another attempt at leaving the following day which proved successful."

HOWARD L. SIMON

Mill Valley, Calif.



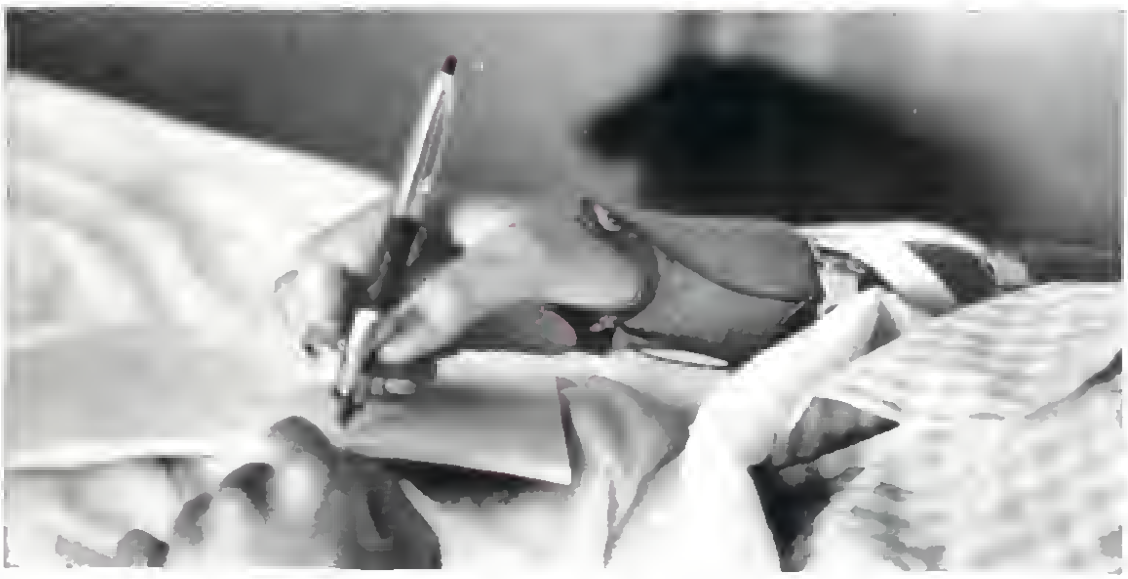
"Confounded ham . . . hasn't won a photo finish in her life."

PAT ON THE BACK

JILL KINMONT

It has heen six months since pretty 19-year-old Jill Kinmont took a bad spill during the Snow Cup ski race at Alta, Utah and broke her back. At the time, doctors doubted she would walk again, but Jill continues to battle gamely against near-total paralysis at St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica, Calif., where she has been confined since the accident. Already she has progressed further than medical men dared hope. Diligently applying herself to the endless special exercises devised for her, Jill has regained partial use of her arms, can feed herself (*right*), with the aid of a special brace and a "spork," combination spoon and fork. Another hrace enables her to write letters (*below*) to the dozens of well-wishers who correspond with her. Her recovery is still an agonizingly slow process and the battle is far from won, but Jill perseveres in the hope that someday she will don a pair of skis once again.







In British Columbia fishing ports . .

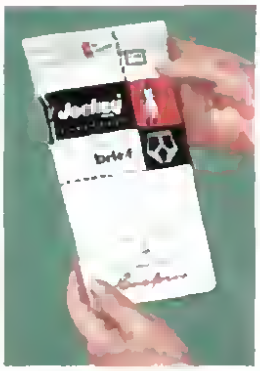


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